The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXIII OCTOBER, 1936 No. 10

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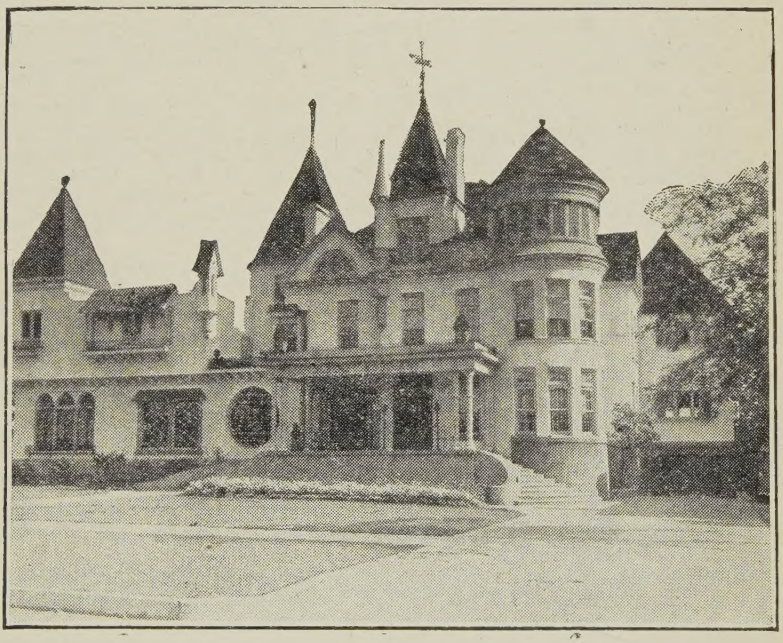

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII OCTOBER, 1936 No. 10

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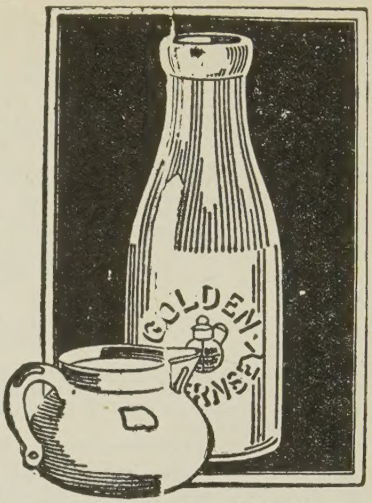

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THE GIFT DIVINE

By Adeline Rasmussen Ensign

God gave to man a precious gift,
And then was heard to say,
"If you will rightly use this gift
'Twill ease your cares each day.

"It has the power to calm the mind,
To soothe the aching heart,
And now to you this gift divine
I lovingly impart."

So man first took the hunter's bow
And plucked the string with care,
He heard a faint but pleasing sound—
Lo—melody was there.

Then man praised God in true delight,
He sang in chorus strong,
And angels hearing joined in praise,—
The miracle of song.

And now though long have been the years
Since first this gift was given,
Enriched by song, the soul of man
Is kept in tune with heaven.

OUR COVER PICTURE

THE picture of the Juniper Tree on the cover is located in Logan Canyon, Utah, and is considered by scientists to be 3,500 years old. It is reached by a hike of two hours from the main canyon highway. In its persistent effort to live throughout these many years it has become twisted and gnarled—its branches having the appearance of huge ropes. The tree is still living and is lodged between two huge cliffs—the roots having spilt the rock formation surrounding it. This picture was painted by Joseph A. F. Everett of Salt Lake City.

COLUMBINE

Photo by W. D. Green

The
Relief Society Magazine

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When To Begin

By Mabel S. Harmer

A NOTED psychologist was once asked by a fluttery young mother, "How old should my child be before I begin training her?" He in turn inquired, "How old is the child?" When the mother answered that her little girl was three years old he replied, "Madam, you are already three years too late." He was quite right. Children must be trained from the very cradle if they are to grow into the kind of men and women that we can be proud of.

In the early years of a child's life his very helplessness is so appealing that it is a distinct pleasure to give in to his whims and caprices and do things for him that he might very well be doing for himself. A pleasure which must be curbed, however, if both the child and his mother are not to pay the well known piper later on. As the years go on and responsibilities should be added gradually the tendency is to postpone the day when Paul or Mary will be grown up. One cannot expect a child who has been shielded for the first part of his life to suddenly assume the obligations of adult life and do so successfully. The banker does not call his twenty year old son in and say, "I am going to hand over the business to you now, my boy. Here are the keys to the vault. Go to it," unless he has trained him in the work for many years previously. To do so might prove very costly but no more so than to usher him into adult life without previous guidance.

ALL along the line we must build in the child habits of responsibility, self-control and co-operation and the earlier such habits are begun and cultivated the more usefully they will operate when needed. Children must be taught how to handle money by being given a small but definite amount to spend while very young. They must be taught to do simple tasks about the house and learn the value of moral laws.

It is unfortunate that the wrong thing is often the easy thing to do. Perhaps eight-year-old Molly is given the task of making her own bed and drying the dishes. For a long time the bed will very likely look exceedingly lumpy and mother will be somewhat embarrassed if a chance visitor happens to see it. Dishes in very young hands are frequently broken and dishes cost money. Besides all this it often takes a great deal more energy for mother to see that Molly does the work than if she went ahead and did it herself but she must put up with all of these inconveniences if Molly is ever going to be able to take care of a house when she grows up.

The most unkind thing that a par-

ent can do in the guise of love is to 'spoil' a child. Of course he is adorable. He is cunning even when he is staging a little tantrum and it is sometimes extremely difficult to deny him things he wants or punish him for his misdeeds, but how sad it is to see a child robbed of the friendliness and companionship of other children because a fond parent has made his disposition unbearable.

It sometimes happens, especially so of late, that a grandmother or aunt is staying in the home who insists on making the children "happy" at whatever cost it may be to the mother or the child itself. Their interest and pleasure in the children is a more or less temporary thing. It is the mother who has the responsibility and who in the long run will suffer the punishment if she does not firmly thwart these well meaning but erring relatives.

THE natural instinct of the very young child is to want to do things for himself. When he insists upon lacing his own shoes and mother is anxious to finish dressing him and get back to her household tasks it seems to be a never ending job. It is essential, however, that he be allowed to gain these first lessons in self-reliance and the wise mother will allow him this practice in becoming independent no matter at what cost to her time and patience.

If the child is curbed in these early efforts to help himself he will soon lose the desire to do so and allow his mother to wait upon him as much as she chooses. Later when she suddenly decides that it is time for him to do some of these little tasks for himself she may be much annoyed and chagrined because he shows so little interest in the process.

It is essential, of course, that if a child is to learn to help himself he must have the facilities with which to do so. There must be a step which will enable him to reach the lavatory easily and wash cloths and towels hung within reach. Hooks hung low enough so that he can reach them will encourage him to keep his clothes hung up.

IN such practical matters as working at household tasks, spending money wisely and learning manners it is fairly easy to shape a successful course of training. In other ways it is rather difficult to know just what to prepare our children for when they grow up since no one is certain just what kind of a world they are going to live in under rapidly changing conditions. One thing seems to be certain and that is that there is likely to be a great deal more of leisure. Besides additional labor saving devices there will probably be a shorter working day and a shorter week for everyone. Mothers face a new and important task in preparing their children to use this leisure time to their advantage.

CHILDREN need not grow up to think that all their pleasures should be expensive ones. They should not grow up expecting to be amused during all their hours of leisure by forms of entertainment that develop no resources within themselves but depend exclusively upon outside entertainment. Amusement of this sort quickly palls. The parent who is alert to the future needs of her children will make the home environment as stimulating and sympathetic as possible to the nourishing of hobbies. She will keep alive the child's enjoyment in simple things. Perhaps one of the good things that will come out of this depression is that we are having to go back to more simple pleasures and pastimes for our happiness.

Children who begin while young

to develop absorbing interests will not need exciting entertainment when they grow older but will be able to find it in their own efforts and in the things of their own creation. Children who grow up without having their inner resources cultivated need to find artificial ways of whiling away their time. They develop what is known as "grandstanditis." They must have movies, radio or anything that they can watch and hear rather than participate in.

They should be able to enjoy a walk in the woods, learn the value of beautiful music, sculpture or a fine play. Their lives should be enriched with worthwhile experiences so that they can learn discrimination.

SOMETIMES problems arise which we could not have foreseen when our children were smaller and consequently we are called upon to cope with them now without any previous warning or preparation. Such a one is the current problem of the young girl smoking. Only ten years ago a member of the church asked a representative of a large tobacco concern if the time would ever come when they would advertise for the patronage of the woman smoker. The man replied that such would not be the case, that they would not go so far as to proclaim the woman a smoker in their advertising. Alas! that he should have been so mistaken. It was only a very short time until ads appeared showing the young woman looking on approvingly at a man smoker. Next she was seen with the cigarette in her own fingers and now the most subtle means of advertising is used, that of giving the testimonials of socially prominent and beautiful women.

It is possible that many of our girls have taken to smoking because resistance has not been built up in them from the cradle as it has been in our boys. We never dreamed that it would be necessary.

Parents are sometimes hurt that their boys are not considered qualified to go upon missions or perhaps be called to positions of responsibility in the church. They have not realized that in order to successfully preach the gospel to others they must have such a thorough understanding of it and a testimony as can only have come from early and persistent training.

This work of early training can be most frightfully discouraging. After years of impressing upon Johnny the necessity of saying 'please' and 'thank you' he will still go blissfully on his way without saying any of them except when especially reminded. His table manners seem to be those of a young outlaw when he refuses to hold his table implements properly, puts his elbows on the table and uses his thumb as a pusher. The reward of years of patient training comes, however, when he is invited out socially and finds that he has absorbed correct manners unconsciously and need not be embarrassed about the right thing to do at the right time.

THE teaching of correct moral principles, habits that make for good health and habits of industry must be begun at an early age and adhered to so unceasingly that a mother might easily be tempted to throw up her hands in despair at the whole problem if she didn't realize that she has to live only one day at a time and that she is rewarded many, many times over when she gives to the world an upright, industrious citizen. A satisfying confidence in the child's future adjustment and a well earned and justifiable pride is a parent's greatest achievement.

Mrs. Benson Takes a Hand

By Ivy Williams Stone

Religion and Horse Sense

SAMSON BENSON was dead. The news caused a stir of regret all along the street, for there were many friends of the Benson family who had enjoyed happy hours through the kind offices of this faithful old servitor. As the body of the old, blind servant was lowered into the grave under an apple tree in the family orchard, the four sons and two daughters of the family were unashamed as tears trickled down their cheeks. Samson had become a landmark, almost an institution, somewhat like the old jail building erected by Grandfather Pace and the big oak tree.

"We're glad you tended him, Mother, like you did." Thus spoke son David whom Samson had once saved from hazardous accident. "Some folks would have given him chloroform long ago, but he was just too human." The sons filled in and rounded the grave, and the eldest son put up a neatly lettered headboard.

"Let him rest in peace," they prayed in unison and filed silently away.

WITH Judge Benson still exploring the Salmon River, with old Samson no longer needing her ministrations, Mrs. Benson felt the need of fresh activity. "I'll go ward teaching all afternoon," she planned early one morning. "That's a duty I seem to have neglected. I'll begin with Aunt Eliza Mall. She's lonesome too, since her only son is dead."

Mrs. Benson toiled up the long hill that led to Eliza Mall's humble cottage, atop a rather bleak, unfertile hill. Even the natural fertility of the soil had never been coaxed, for Amos Mall had been much fonder of taverns than he was of plowing. In fact, he had contracted fatal pneumonia the winter before, as he wandered home on a bitterly cold night and had gotten lost in an irrigation ditch. Big bodied man that he was of thirty odd years, there had not been as many people to mourn his death as had gathered over the grave of faithful old Samson.

"First time I ever heard of a drunkard dying," muttered one unsympathetic person. "His old mother will be better off without him; he ate her out of house and home. Folks will be more willing to help her now he's gone," were some of the comments. And although it seemed rather mercenary and unChristianlike, this latter was literally true. Men were now glad to help the aged widow, who had resented aiding her while an indolent son whiled away the summer months, letting winter care for itself. And Mrs. Benson had started a collection of cash. Actuated with the sense of personal pride and independence which she would have experienced under similar circumstances, Mrs. Benson had seen to it that the lump sum of money had been turned over to the widow, to let her make her own selections of what she needed.

It was a long walk and Mrs. Benson gladly accepted the chair which the Widow Mall proffered immediately upon her arrival. The chair was a creaky old rocker; but the best

the room afforded. A ragged carpet, an unpolished old whatnot, and a marble topped table of ancient vintage completed the furnishings of the tiny "parlor." On top of the marble table lay a shiny new volume, and the Widow Mall, wiping her hand on her apron before touching it, proudly displayed this new treasure.

"See, Sister Benson," she fairly gloated in her maternal joy, "Look at the wonderful present Amos give me."

"Amos?" Mrs. Benson looked incredulously at the gilt edged, limp leather bound book labeled "Holy Bible." "Why, I didn't know—I thought—"

"Lots of other folks thought the same too," interrupted the Widow Mall. "Lots of folks in this town thought Amos was better off dead. But they didn't know him like I did. Takes a man's mother to know the best that's in him. Like the agent said that brought the book, 'Only a mother can know and understand a wayward son.' You see," she hurried on, anxious to explain the mystery, "Amos ordered this here book as a surprise for my birthday. He paid some down on it, when he ordered it, but being short of money at the time, he never was one to keep much money handy, he agreed to make monthly payments. Then he got sick and died, and when he never went near the store to make the other payments, they looked me up; and they let me pay the difference. They knocked off all their profit, when they knowed Amos was dead; but, like they said, they couldn't sell the book to no one else, cause of the engraving." Mrs. Mall rose to her full height in her pride; placed emaciated arms on her thin old hips, but the light of maternal joy glowed resplendent in the faded old eyes.

"I only had to pay thirty more dollars, besides what Amos paid hisself."

Understanding broke in full intensity upon Mrs. Benson's brain. *Thirty Dollars* for the cheap, imitation leather bound book that lay in her lap. Without even a concordance, or maps; such a book as could be purchased in any shop for less than three dollars. But the gilt lettered inscription had turned the trick. "To Mrs. Eliza Mall from her loving son Amos." Instinctively Mrs. Benson knew from whence the thirty dollars had come. With the realization came again the memory of the long hours she had tramped about the district, collecting the dollars, halves and quarters that had made up the cash gift. She recalled the strained arches, aching feet, and belated suppers that had been the aftermath of each day's solicitations, until Judge Benson had rebelled and donated the amount necessary to raise the funds to one hundred dollars. "In the interest of home and footwear it was worth twelve dollars," he stormed, but his tone had been kindly.

"I skimped here and I saved there," beamed the Widow Mall, "in order to get the money. I figured you didn't mind my buying the things that made me happiest," she added. "I kept just one fire going, and I went to bed before lamp lighting time, and I bought stale bread at the bakery and put cardboard inside my shoes. I lived on soup with never a bit of meat to flavor it. As one mother to another, Sister Benson, that there book means more to me than angel food cake. I'd never knowed before that Amos was religious. He'd always been so careless like 'bout going to church. But that book proves his love: 'To Mrs. Eliza Mall from her Loving Son

Amos.'" She repeated the words reverently, as she relaid the book upon its alter of cold marble. "I read a bit in it every day. And when I gets lonesome I says to myself, *'Amos was religious.'*"

THIRTY DOLLARS! THIRTY DOLLARS! The words beat a rhythm to her footsteps as Mrs. Benson walked homeward. "Preying upon sentiment! Swindlers! Racketeers! She had heard of many confidence games but this surpassed them all. To Mrs. Benson, preying upon the credulity of bereaved people seemed a heinous crime. The farther she walked, the angrier she became; her cheeks were flushed and she had worked up a genuine hatred of such people and their nefarious practices. When she reached her own gate she leaned upon the pickets and paused for breath, and gazed back into the orchard, at the newly made grave of faithful old Samson.

Suddenly Mrs. Benson had an inspiration. They always came in a flash of keen intuition. Although she was dusty and tired, she resolutely continued on down town to the establishment of her good old friend and second cousin, Mortimer Pace. In the earlier days Mortimer had been a combined furniture dealer and undertaker. Now, however, his more modern establishment bore the name of "Pace & Son, Morticians;" and Mrs. Benson had to go far to the rear to find old Mortimer, who was virtually superseded by the son.

Into his sympathetic ear Mrs. Benson poured the story of the Widow Mall's gullibility, and the rascality of the imposter. She also outlined her scheme for a fitting punishment of the latter, which had hatched in her fertile brain as she stood at her own gate.

Cousin Mortimer Pace smiled indulgently; then the smile broadened into a grin of keen appreciation; finally, after making several notes, he leaned back and beamed. "Agnes," he had always liked this energetic cousin," Agnes, you should have been a lawyer. I believe your plan will work. No harm in trying. Let's see now. Samson Benson, aged twenty-five years, died after a lingering illness due to blindness and malnutrition; private funeral held at graveside in family burial plot; other members of the Benson family are Judge Andrew W. Benson and wife and six children. I'll attend to it cousin; and we'll watch for developments."

Mrs. Benson felt like a child who has stolen his first apple. First she felt a sense of guilt; then a wave of righteous anger followed, as she visioned old Widow Mall, climbing into bed at dark, minus a lamp; living on soups and with scarcely any fire. Mrs. Benson did not confide her plans to her children. They would be sure to offer too many suggestions, or frustrate her plans. Children, she reasoned, had a way of believing that the ingenuity of parents ceased with the advent of grandchildren.

When the morning paper arrived Mrs. Benson scanned it hurriedly, like a child hunting the comic strip. In the obituary notices she found that which she sought, and smiled over the somewhat cryptic announcement:

"SAMSON BENSON: Aged twenty-five years. Death due to long illness of blindness and malnutrition. Graveside services were held in the family private burial plot. Survivors are Judge Andrew W. Benson, Mrs. Benson and the six Benson children."

Well, there was nothing in that announcement which was untrue. If any person wanted to interpret it as meaning that Samson was a real human being, it was his own affair.

Cousin Mortimer Pace had said nothing untrue. Mrs. Benson again felt virtuous that she had not *actually lied.*

TWO weeks later she was wrapping the rose bushes against the winter frosts when the front gate clicked, and a young man came briskly up the walk. He was dapper and well groomed; he carried a green bag that was weighted with something heavy, and his eyes were covered with huge dark glasses. A smartly folded handkerchief protruded from the top of his coat pocket, his brilliantly hued hat was set at the prevailing angle, his shoes were shiny, and his whole bearing indicated self assurance and poise.

"Are you Mrs. Andrew W. Benson?" he inquired suavely, tipping his hat, while the white teeth showed the smile which the darkened eyes could not reveal. "Yes," answered Mrs. Benson, hoping her sudden frustration was not too evident. "Ouch!" she cried with a mock twist of pain, "I—I pricked my finger!"

"I am looking for a gentleman named Mr. Samson Benson," continued the visitor. "I believe he lives here. Perhaps he is your son. He ordered a book from us and has never appeared to make any further payments. We thought he might be ill, or temporarily out of employment, or—" he stopped and coughed expectantly.

Mrs. Benson leaned far down over her rose bushes. "Samson is dead," she muttered.

"Dead! Impossible!" cried the young man with full and proper tones of sympathy in his voice. "Why he looked the picture of health when he called at our store to place the order. I would never have dreamed of his passing. Perhaps, however, he had some secret knowledge of his impending illness. Had not told you, hoping to spare you. He must have known, for the book he ordered was significant. *Most significant.* It was a specially made, hand assembled, gilt edged, limp leather Bible, printed on a rare and expensive quality of onion leafed paper." The young man deftly opened the green bag and drew forth a Bible, an exact replica of the one that held the place of honor on the widow Mall's marble topped table. "I'll wager they make them by the thousand," thought Mrs. Benson bending over to read the inscription: *"To Mrs. Agnes Benson from her loving son Samson."* "My, I never guessed Samson was that religious," she muttered. "He used to go with us to church real often; in fact every Sunday, when he was younger. But he simply would not go inside. He always waited in the churchyard till the services were over."

"He had a deeper religion than you ever realized," added the visitor. "This is the proof," he tapped the Bible significantly and continued: "He made a down payment on the book, because of the special engraving on the cover. That makes it unsalable to others, you know. But, if you wish to pay the balance of our actual cost of fifty dollars, we will forego our profits. Far be it from us to profit upon the sentiments of bereaved parents. But we know you will want to cherish the emblem of his last act of remembrance for you; in time it will become your most cherished treasure." Undoubtedly the shrewd visitor had quickly estimated that the appearance of the Benson home justified a rise of twenty dollars over that of the widow Mall's humble cottage.

"Did you see Samson yourself, when he placed the order?" Mrs. Benson felt self-composed now and faced the imposter. "Did you talk to him?"

"I waited on him personally," answered the visitor with never the quiver of an eyelash. "He was a most remarkably built young man. Clear eyed, soft voiced, broad shouldered, alert, keen—a son to be proud of," he finished.

"Come out and see his grave," invited Mrs. Benson. "We were sort of sentimental about a cemetery. We buried him privately—right here in our own orchard; among the fields that he loved and under his favorite tree."

The young man seemed none too zealous to weep over any bier; but the vision of fifty dollars from this opulent appearing residence seemed nearer, and he followed obediently. Mrs. Benson led him out through the backyard garden, past the fish pond and lily pads; past the garage and the pioneer jail; on to the field where Samson had spent his declining years in peace and plenty. She finally stopped beside the fresh mound under the apple tree. The young salesman removed his hat and stood reverently, waiting for the bereaved parent to speak. "Come round and see the headboard," invited Mrs. Benson, with a composure that amazed her listener. "I'm right proud of this headboard. My oldest son painted it himself. He's somewhat of an artist, and he loved Samson dearly."

Obediently the visitor walked around and read the inscription on the headboard; the green bag in his right hand, his hat in his left, the dark glasses still covering his eyes.

SAMSON BENSON

"There was more man sense in his horse head than there is horse sense in some men's heads."

His lips had moved automatically; but as he finished reading, he sensed the meaning of the epitaph. As the full weight of the ruse played upon him penetrated his senses, he dropped the green bag, pulled off his dark glasses, and turned fiercely toward Mrs. Benson.

"You advertised!" he cried vehemently. "You deceived me! The obituary said he died of blindness and malnutrition—I'll make you pay for this—I'll—"

"Samson did almost starve to death," interrupted Mrs. Benson, making a supreme effort not to chuckle. "His teeth got so long he couldn't chew. And he never went inside a church. But even at that, he had more religion than the drunken Amos Mall, whose old widowed mother paid you thirty dollars for a Bible that likely cost you about two dollars. I'm going to ask the Judge to prepare a bill to introduce into the next legislature, making it a prison crime to inveigle money out of simple folks when they are suffering from bereavement!"

Instantly the visitor lost his debonair expression; his face paled, he pulled his hat far down onto his head, and stumbled over the green bag. Finally with a glare in which hate, resentment, duplicity and frustration mingled, he fled rapidly down the orchard path to the lane gate, and soon disappeared along the street. There was no dignity in his retreat — only apprehension and speed.

"It's a pretty fair Bible at that," remarked Mrs. Benson after she had examined the contents of the green bag. "I'll ink out this inscription and present it to the Sunday School. Eddie Marsh can use the green bag to carry his books in, and the children can use these dark glasses when they lay under that new fangled lamp that makes canned sunshine." As she walked slowly back to the house she felt that even missing the grandeur and ruggedness of the Sawtooth mountains had its compensations. Samson, like all good souls, had not died in vain.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

CHAPTER VI

HELEN telephoned to the Lodge at Bright Angel, requesting that Dr. Grosbeck go immediately to Tess Morley's place to attend to an injured man. She was glad she had not needed to talk to Fred.

As she stood looking at a large map in the dining room endeavoring to get her directions clear for her trip to House Rock Valley, Wood Russell came to her with two letters.

"These came on the bus two hours ago, but we couldn't find you. Both are marked *Important,* I hope the delay isn't serious. And by the way, Dr. Grosbeck was over and asked to have you call him on the phone this evening."

"Thanks," Helen took the letters and went to her cabin.

She knew the letters would be from Aunt Nettie and George.

Aunt Nettie's letter was just what Helen might have predicted. She was shocked and amazed. Why hadn't Helen come and talked things over before taking such a rash step? Poor George was beside himself. She was sure that Helen was magnifying a small indiscretion. When she grew older and more experienced in married life she would learn that part of a wife's duty was to overlook slight side-steppings of her husband!

Helen was commanded to come home immediately to forestall the scandalous publicity which was sure to commence soon if she did not return within the time of the ordinary tourist's trip. It was thus Aunt Nettie and George were explaining her absence to their friends.

She crushed the letter and put it together with George's, unopened, into the small heating stove. She touched a lighted match to them and hurried back to where she had left Maje. In a moment she was riding toward the trail to House Rock.

SHE had gone but a few miles when she saw two horsemen coming toward her. As they drew nearer she recognized one as Uncle Billy. The other was the boy Curly she had seen about the hotel and who she remembered had been sent to Steve's ranch with supplies.

"Well, where do you think you are going?" Uncle Billy greeted her.

"I was coming to find you." She tried to conceal her excitement. "May I talk to you just a minute?" She beckoned him to the side of the trail. "I need some advice."

As quickly as she could she told about Lon.

Uncle Billy was greatly excited. "I'll send Curly back to the ranch with a note to Steve. I must go on to the hotel to do some telephonin' and wait for some letters Steve's expectin' on the next bus. But as soon as I can I'll git back to the ranch, so Steve can hurry to Lon. Somethings goin' to bust loose pretty soon if I'm not mistaken."

After Curly had turned back with the note, Helen and Uncle Billy rode on toward the Park. She decided that it was time to make her identity known to him.

"I know you are in a hurry, Uncle

Billy," she said wondering how to proceed, "but, well I need some advice, and you are the only one who can give it to me."

"What is it?"

"First I want to introduce myself. I am Sammy Huntsman Latimer."

The old man jerked in his reins so quickly his horse stood on his hind legs. He turned and looked at her unbelievingly.

"You're who?"

"The daughter of your old friend Sam Huntsman."

"Why, that—that—can that be possible?" They had slowed down to a walk and their horses were side by side.

"I knew there was a baby. But I got the impression the little feller died when the mother did. I didn't even mention it to Sam when he came back. And when we didn't hear anything after I wrote about his death—Well we just took it for granted that there wasn't anybody who cared."

"The little fellow didn't die," said Helen seriously, "and she cared a great deal when you're letter came. If you knew my Aunt Nettie you would understand why you didn't hear anything from your letter. She is good enough in her way, but she never forgave my mother for marrying a cowboy, and I am sure she was glad when your letter came. She thought it would cure me of what she called my foolish notion that I was coming West to live with my father. I was only ten and Aunt Nettie had taken care of me from the day of my birth."

The old man studied her in silence. Finally he said,

"It's true! I can see Sam in your chin, the corners of your mouth, and most of all in your hair. I noticed it that first night you came. Don't you remember? It somehow made me think of Sam, the way it waves back over your forehead. Does Steve know?"

Helen shook her head.

"I didn't know when I came out here that I would find anyone who had known my father, much as I hoped to. I've always wanted to come just to see the things he used to talk and sing to me about. Aunt Nettie tried to make me forget, and I don't know that I ever should have come—if—if something hadn't happened that made me feel I had to go some place for a while.

Uncle Billy reached out and patted her hand.

"Would you like to tell me about that?"

After a little pause she told him briefly about George and why she had left home.

"I didn't really think much about what I should find here, except that I did have an impression of the wonders of the scenery—and I'd always wanted to come. I even remember lines from some of the songs my father used to sing."

The old scout smiled.

"Sam and Tough used to make up songs by the yard. I remember the first night old Vaughn got them started at it. He said, 'What's the matter with you fellers? You're always singin' about Texas and Montana and Wyomin'. Why don't you sing something about your own country? God never made no better cattle country than right here on this old mountain.' Well, Sam and Tough started right then to make up a song about the trails of the old Kaibab.

"Some of the rest of us chipped in with a line now and then, but most of the twenty-seven verses was Sam's and Tough's. And some of 'em was real poetry. I recollect this is how one verse went:

" 'There's a kind of white magic that
sifts through the trees,
When the moon sends her kisses
along on the breeze,
And a cow-puncher's life is some-
thin' to grab,
When it's moonlight and June on
the old Kaibab.' "

For a moment Uncle Billy sat lost in memories and Helen watched him with a tightness in her throat. Finally he roused himself.

"I don't reckon you've heard about yore father's cattle."

"Steve Heyden said they disappeared."

"That sounds fishy, don't it? But it's the gospel truth. We was all so upset about Sam's death—and what happened after—that we didn't think about the cattle for awhile. Then when we did, we couldn't find hide nor hair of 'em. I made a trip clean to Texas to the place he said he was goin' to take 'em. But they wasn't there. Nobody seen 'em leave this mountain. It's a mystery that makes you feel creepy. If we'd only knowed about you, we might a tried a little harder."

"I don't suppose there's the least chance in the world of ever finding the cattle after all these years?" Helen asked wistfully.

"I reckon stranger things has happened. There's been funny things goin' on ever since that time. You know about Steve's cattle disappearin' like they do. I've got a hunch that if we ever can find the thieves that's takin' Steve's calves, we'll maybe find—your herd."

Helen smiled. It was strange to hear such phrases.

"I'm hopin' that what Lon Dean knows will help to clear up the mystery."

Just before they reached the hotel Uncle Billy said,

"I think it would be better if you didn't tell Steve just yet about you. He's got enough on his mind. We'll give him a little time to work out some theories he's got about the stealing. But you can be sure of one thing. No matter whether you ever git your father's cattle back or not, Steve'll be fair with you, and you'll git your share of the rest of the property."

LATE that afternoon when Helen went from her cabin toward the hotel hoping she might learn something about Lon, she saw Steve and Uncle Billy riding away toward the House Rock trail. She was disappointed and thought that Uncle Billy at least might have informed her of conditions, now that he knew her secret.

That evening she went to the program in the entertainment hall still hoping she might learn something of the tangled affairs which had suddenly become of vital interest to her. She had not been in the room long when Mr. Hawley came and sat beside her.

"I don't see Mrs. Hawley here tonight," she said by way of conversation.

"No. She's gone to Salt Lake to see her doctor. She has no business out here at all. She doesn't like it and the high altitude doesn't agree with her. But she insists on coming. Pretends it's too look after Bernice, but between you and me," he leaned close to Helen, "I think she knows her old man has a weakness for pretty women." She drew herself away.

"So I have heard," she laughed. "Mrs. Carter warned me against you when I first arrived."

"That old busybody makes me tired."

"Have you been in the cattle business long?" Helen changed the conversation.

"About twelve years."

She started. Something seemed to click in her mind. Her thoughts went racing with wild possibilities.

"Was your father a cattle man out here before you? I've been interested in hearing of the old-time cattle kings."

"No. I'm the first cattle man in our family." He shifted his position and nodded in the direction of a group of tourists who were entering the room. "That's a pretty little dame in the green suit." Helen felt that he wished to change the subject, but she persisted.

"You've done very well in the business from what I hear. Some men spend a lifetime at it, don't they, and even then haven't much to show for it?"

"I suppose you mean Crossley. He's no business man. He's always fussing around with other people's affairs instead of attending to his own. I don't have much respect for that kind of a fellow."

There was a movement at the door. Someone was standing outside, peering in. Helen caught a glimpse of a sandy-haired man with a shaggy red beard.

Where had she seen that face before. Her pulses pounded. Hawley caught sight of the man. She was sure he was startled, and that he gave a quick signal. A moment later he excused himself.

"Guess I'll be turning in. I don't want the missus to hear any bad reports when she gets back." He laughed significantly, but his eyes were still on the door, and he hurried away.

Helen stepped quickly to a window and looked out. She saw Mr. Hawley and the unkempt stranger walking swiftly toward Hawley's cabin. She was sure the bearded man was the one she had seen with Lon Dean the day she and Steve were coming from Point Sublime. And Hawley had been following them that day.

What could be the meaning of it all? Helen soon went to her cabin. She wanted to think.

THE next day there was a buzz of excitement around the hotel. Cattlemen and sportsmen had met to arrange for the annual rodeo. Already Helen had heard much of this event and had seen some of the men who would participate, going through their riding and roping exercises out in the flat.

Thereafter, new contestants and fans came and went, and everybody talked of the coming sport. Helen had understood that Steve Heyden was one of the chief promoters of the rodeo, but she looked in vain for him and for Uncle Billy Crossley. What had Steve found when he reached his ranch that day after they'd seen Lon Dean with the stranger? How was Lon? It was strange that she should hear nothing of his accident. Though she refrained from making inquiries, she had ridden twice to Tess Morley's place, but had found no one at home. Two or three times she'd seen Tess, but always with a group of men, and there had never been an opportunity to talk with her.

Repeatedly she thought of Hawley's meeting with the red-bearded stranger that night at the dance. What was their business together? What was her own part to be in this strange tangle?

Frequently she went for long rides on Maje. Out on the mountain trails she could, for a time at least, lose herself in the beauty about her.

ONE morning she saw Fred Grosbeck coming toward the hotel from a car parked near the filling

station. She had not called him on the telephone as he had asked. There was no escape; she might as well have it over with.

"Don't you know you're treating an old friend pretty shabby?" he chided, taking both her hands.

"I know Fred. But I was sure I knew what you wanted to say to me. You've had a letter from George, haven't you?" They walked to the porch and sat down.

"I've had three. Helen, the poor devil's beside himself. You're not really walking out on him for good are you? I wouldn't blame you for punishing him for his foolishness. He deserves that, and he admits he made a fool of himself. But Lord, Helen, you know you're the girl he's crazy about."

She sighed wearily.

"You may as well save your breath, Fred. It's all over between us. George and I don't look at the fundamentals of life in the same way."

"But, Helen, you must realize you're living in a modern world. Little back-slidings such as George is fool enough to indulge in are not unpardonable sins. You're too sensible to wreck both your lives for a narrow Puritanical idea of morality."

She got up.

"Please Fred, I'd rather not talk about it. I've done the only thing I can do. It may look Puritanical and narrow, but I can't help it. I'm what *I am,* and George is what he is. We don't look at such things in the same way. It would be foolish to try to patch this thing up, only to have the same trouble again later."

"But you wouldn't. I tell you George is suffering. Won't you give him another chance?"

"No, Fred, I'm sorry. But for me, love must grow out of confidence and respect. I know George's attitude too well. Please let's not talk about it any more. You see, I probably let love and marriage mean too much to me. But I'm that way. It's got to be everything or nothing. I suppose I'm not a modern." She held out her hand. "We can still be friends."

"Of course. But I'm sorry for old George."

"Aren't you coming out to Bright Angel?" he asked. "I've almost given up looking for you. I'd have been over before to take you, but I have a patient whose been keeping me on the job night and day the last ten days."

"Is your patient one of the employees of the Lodge?"

"No. It's a young Indian who got a nasty wound and it's badly infected—Streptococcus. He may not pull through even with all I'm doing. I must get back now. Just came in to meet the bus for some serum I'd sent for." He started into the lobby. "I'll be looking for you. And I'll still be hoping you'll change your mind about George."

"Put such hope out of your mind, Fred. Goodbye."

Helen was relieved to have the conference over. But she was worried about Lon Dean.

(*To be continued*)

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

OCTOBER. The mystic touch of Indian summer spreads its glorious tapestry o'er the twilight of the year.

LOTTE LEHMANN, metropolitan soprano, was the great attraction among all the artists at the famous Salzburg musical festival this last summer. As Eva in Der Meistersinger and Leonore in Fidello she was especially dramatic and vital.

ELIZABETH BERGENER, famous throughout Europe for her realistic acting in "Escape Me Never," has now a new picture equally succesful called "Dreaming Lips."

ETHEL DREW BARRYMORE, after 24 years as a leading star on stage and screen, has retired from the world of glamour and expects to enjoy a happy peaceful life on her country estate. She offers to help ambitious young women in the line of dramatics at any time.

RUTH CHATTERTON, charming actress, has gone in for flying as a hobby. She instituted the Chatterton cross country derby, but she herself had to make a forced landing almost at the start.

MARJORY GESTRING, just 13, petite and youthful Californian, captured the Olympic women's springboard diving championship for the United States at Berlin this summer.

MRS. MARIE BROWN, of Midvale, has been appointed justice of the peace. She is the first Utah woman to receive this honor.

HELEN JACOBS has held the American tennis championship crown for four successive years. This year she meets a formidable array of nationals from all parts of the country.

MISS ROONA BREEN, of New York, was ejected from St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church because she attended dressed in slacks. The priest defended his action with the statement, "She wouldn't appear before the president nor the king of England so dressed neither can she approach my King of Kings."

RUTH BRYAN OWEN ROHDE, has resigned her diplomatic post to enter the election campaign. Is this not a loss of dignity in Madame Minister!

GRACE COOLIDGE, recently returned from Europe, has a preference for American hats. It is also stated skirts will have more fulness and ermine will be the popular fur.

MRS. JEANETTE ACORD HYDE, who died last August 16 in Honolulu, was sixteen years a member of the General Board of the Relief Society. She was prominent in many lines of activity, and much beloved.

EDITH SITWELL'S "Victoria of England," Eleanor Dark's "Return to Coolami," Christine Parmenter's "King of Beacon Hill," and Honore Morrow's "Let The King Beware," are among the late books by women.

Our Project "Back to the Scriptures"

By Hazel W. Wheeler

The curtain rises on a family group of children preparing for an evening of Scripture study. They arrange four chairs in a semi-circle in front of a rocker which they place beside a reading table on which stands a lamp. They place a Bible on the table and seat themselves. The first child calls to mother who is in kitchen finishing evening work.

1st Child: All ready, Mother.

(Mother soon appears.)

Mother: I am ready at last.

(She smiles happily at the anxiously waiting children.

2nd Child: Now for some real true Bible stories. Our teachers tell us fairy stories but we like the true stories you tell us best.

(Mother seats herself and takes Bible as she says.)

Mother: Our story tonight is about Abraham, who had so much faith in everything the Lord told him, and obeyed him so well that Heavenly Father called him the 'Father of the Faithful.' We have already studied about whom?"

(Mother indicates each one to answer.)

1st Child: Adam and Eve our first parents who lived in the garden of Eden.

2nd Child: Cain and Abel, two of their sons.

3rd Child: Enoch, the leader of the people who obeyed all the commandments and became so good that Heavenly Father took them and their city out of this earth.

1st Child: Noah, who built the Ark and saved himself and family and two of every kind of animal, bird, and fish from drowning, all because he obeyed the Lord.

Mother: Good. Now Abraham,

(A knock is heard on outside door. Mother pauses, while Harry, 1st child, admits neighbor child.)

Child: Mrs. Brown, Mama wants to know if you will please come over for a while. Our baby is sick.

Mother: Certainly I will. Sit down while I get my coat. While I am gone children, you may review the names of the books of the Old Testament and perhaps by that time I may be back.

(Exits with neighbor child. Her children are disappointed but rally bravely to her suggestions.)

1st child: Let's begin with the oldest, no the youngest, and see who can repeat the books of the Old Testament without making a mistake.

4th Child: (*Stands and repeats* books correctly. 3rd, 2nd and 1st do the same respectively.

2nd Child: Now what shall we do?

1st Child goes to door looks out and comes back and says: She isn't coming yet, what shall we do?

2nd Child: Let's repeat the names of all the books together and perhaps by that time she will be here. (*They repeat books in concert. 3rd Child goes to door, looks out and returns saying*): I can't see her anywhere. What shall we do now?

4th Child: I'll tell you! Let's play like you two (*indicates 1st and 2nd children*) were home studying the Scriptures and the Relief Society teachers came to visit you, and you said the books for them. Patsy (3rd child) and I will be the teachers.

1st Child: You don't know how to be Relief Society teachers.

3rd-4th Child: (*In Chorus*) Yes we do. Let us show you.

1st Child: All right. (*3rd and 4th Child scamper out and don long*

coats also hats; a knock is heard on door.)

1st Child: Come in.

(3rd and 4th child enter carrying purses as 1st and 2nd children are busy studying Bible.)

2nd Child: (*Looking up from Bible*) How do you do? Sit down.

3rd Child: We are Relief Society Teachers. We called today to see if you are well, and how you are getting along these times. And if you are cooperating with us in our project, "Back to the Scriptures." We also bring you a message of good cheer. (*Hands over a slip of paper supposed to be a verse.*)

2nd Child: Yes, indeed we are cooperating. We enjoy studying the Scriptures. We love the true stories we find in them.

1st Child: We already know the names of the books of the Old Testament.

3rd Child: You do? Fine! Could you repeat them for us?

(1st and 2nd children repeat them in concert.)

4th Child: Wonderful! Keep on studying the Scriptures and by the time you are grown you will be able to go on a mission and teach them to other people.

3rd Child: We are happy to find you well. We must go now. We have other places to visit. (*Both say goodbye and exit to return without coats, hats, and purses. They say together*): Now don't we know how to be Relief Society Teachers?

1st Child: You did swell.

2nd Child: (*Goes to door looks out and comes back saying*) Mama isn't coming yet. What shall we do next?

1st Child: Let's go to sleep until she comes. Then we can wake up and hear the stories and not be sleepy.

(Children, who are all sleepy, readily agree. They settle down in the chairs. One leans over on table, one occupies two chairs, one uses the rocker and all are soon fast asleep and dreaming.)

A colored light that represents night is turned on. Chanting is heard off stage. Chanting: Back to the Scriptures! Back to the Scriptures!
The Scriptures are being searched
The Scriptures are being searched
Study and faith are being renewed
Hope is revived again.

(Before chanting ceases in come one at a time in their order people representing the books of the Old Testament. They come in like spirits out of the past, stand while the reader reads a speech then move up stage on platform. They are dressed in costume of Old Testament times with the name of the book they represent in large letters on a crown they wear.)

Reader: The Prophets ever interested in the welfare of mankind scan the horizon of time down through the ages to catch a glimpse of the extent, if any, of their influence on present and future generations.

(They shade their eyes with their hands and peer afar off into the future.)

(All the Prophets chant in chorus: Back to the Scriptures, etc.)

Reader: (*First Genesis*) I am Genesis which means beginning. I give you an account of the beginning of the world, of time, man, sin, and civilization. I tell you of the righteousness of Adam and Eve, our first parents. Of Abel their son and first man slain. Enoch the leader of the people of the perfect city; Noah who preached repentance one hundred and twenty years to a disobedient people. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph who was sold into Egypt and the many faith promoting, character building lessons their lives contribute to the world's best literature.

Second, Exodus: I am Exodus. I give you an account of the oppression of the Children of Israel during their sojourn in Egypt. Of the miracles Moses performed to soften the hard heart of King Pharaoh. Of the seven plagues

sent to goad the Egyptians and their flinty king into releasing the Israelites. I recount vividly the flight of Israel—their crossing the Red Sea on dry land, and many other manifestations of the mighty power and mercy of God to them in their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness.

Third, Leviticus: I am Leviticus, the Book which contains the laws relating to Holiness. The name Leviticus refers to the priestly tribe of the Hebrews or the tribe of Levi. I explain the Sin Offering, the Peace Offering, and all the various offerings to be kept by Israel. I sound the warning 'Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my Sanctuary," sayeth the Lord. And if ye keep my commandments I will give you rain in due season and the land shall yield her increase and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit.

Fourth, Numbers: I am the Book of Numbers. I carry on the narrative of the exodus to the end of the fortieth year. I recount the numbering of the children of Israel by their tribes. Even the twelve tribes of Israel as the Lord commanded Moses. The numbering which revealed the great increase and strength of them. A blessing from the God who preserved them in the days of their bondage; and brought them forth for a mighty purpose in fulfilment of a promise made to their father Abraham.

Fifth, Deuteronomy: I am Deuteronomy meaning 2nd law. I bear record of the events of the last month of the forty years' wandering of the Israelites. I also give a vivid account of the early colonial life of the Hebrews. The greater part of my book is an account of the discourse Moses delivered before his death, setting forth to the Israelites the laws they were to obey when they were settled in the "Promised Land."

Sixth, Joshua: I am Joshua the son of Nun. The Joshua who took command of the exodus after the death of Moses. Under the direction of God I supervised the Israelitish conquest of Canaan. I led our armies around the vast wall of Jericho. I saw the mighty wall quake, shake and fall. In the name of Israel's God I commanded the sun to stand still and give us light and time to finish an important battle victoriously. My book ends with the closing events of my life.

Seventh, Judges: I am the book of the Judges in Israel who reigned during the lawless, disorganized period after the death of Joshua, until the Lord their God gave them a King to rule over them. The Lord expected us to direct them in their warrings against their enemies but they seldom hearkened. They remembered not the great things the Lord their God did for their Fathers. Judges were thirteen in number only four of whom were great men whose courage was the kind men never forget.

Eighth, Ruth: I am Ruth of Moab. The daughter-in-law of Naomi, the Israelite. I entreated her not to leave me nor to cause me to return from following after her. I said, "Whither-so-ever thou goest, there will I go. Where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." My story is written to show more tolerance to foreigners than was shown by Ezra who strove to have all Jewery give up their foreign wives. The great

king David came through my lineage, even I a gentile woman.

Ninth, Samuel: I represent the books of 1st and 2nd Samuel. My story begins with the birth of Samuel, the promised son of Hannah and Elkanah. I tell you of their devout life; of their sacrifice in giving their only child to the care and keeping of Eli, the officiating priest in the temple. I, Samuel, grew up in the Temple and learned very early as a child to obey the will of God. I sought all my days to walk uprightly before him. I lived to see the Israelites turn away from the government of the judges and prophets and demand a king. It was I, even I who anointed their first king to rule over them. Even Saul. I tell you of the illustrious David, their second king and the man who served God all his days with one exception. I form the connecting link between the Theocracy and the Monarchy.

Tenth, Kings: I represent the books of 1st and 2nd Kings. I tell you of the reign of Solomon, son of David, Solomon, the wisest and richest king in Israel. I give you a history of the divisions of the kingdom, after the death of Solomon, into the kingdoms of Judah and Israel. I tell you of their waywardness and disobedience and finally the destruction of Jerusalem and their capture by the Babylonians.

Eleventh, Chronicles: I represent the books of 1st and 2nd Chronicles. I treat the same period of Israelitish history as do the two books of the Kings. But unlike them I deal with the priestly ecclesiastical life of the people. I give their genealogies, statistical registers, description of their religious ceremonies and organizations of their public worship.

Twelfth, Ezra: I am Ezra the priest and ready scribe in the law of Moses. The God of heaven sent me out from captivity by the good will and decree of the Persian King to return and aid in the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem; I begin my narrative of Jewish history where Chronicles leave off, carrying it forth until the time of the theocratic institution.

Thirteenth, Nehemiah: I am Nehemiah, son of Hachaliah. By permission of the Persian King I also returned from captivity to direct the rebuilding of a portion of the broken wall of Jerusalem our beloved city. Like Ezra I take up the narrative of Jewish history and continue until the theocratic institution of the times which was instituted by the combined efforts of Ezra and myself.

Fourteenth, Esther: I am Esther, the orphaned and despised Jewess, who lived in captivity with my uncle in the Persian capital. My story tells how I became queen and how by fasting and prayer I found favor in the eyes of the Lord and also my husband the king and saved my people the Jews from destruction. I instituted the Jewish feast Purim in commemoration of our victory that day.

Fifteenth, Job: I am Job who had patience and faith despite my boils. In a dramatic poem I try to fathom the cause of human sufferings. Behind the simple story of my suffering lies some of the most beautiful and profoundest lessons given in the Bible. For "I know that my Redeemer liveth and even though the skin worms destroy my body yet in my flesh shall I see God." My book also contains some of the profoundest

world music ever chanted. But the melody, the tune of it has rarely been heard in its greatness and compass, because men generally have brought to it too small a soul.

(Chanting is heard off stage, as soon as Job finishes speaking. Chanting: I know that my Redeemer liveth, etc.)

Sixteenth, Psalms: Psalms is my name. I am a collection of Hebrew songs and poetry of praise to God. From the standpoint of literature I mark the high points in the Old Testament. For witness: "The Heavens declare the glory of God. The firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

(Read, if desired, Psalms 23:24, 31, 37.)

Seventeenth, Proverbs: My name is Proverbs. I give you the wisdom literature of the Hebrews. My teachings have a practical aim. Not only do they contain maxims of conduct, they are also moral advisors as wisdom is the principal thing. "Therefore get wisdom and with all thy getting, get understanding. Hatred stirreth up strife but love covereth all sins. Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. Who so stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor he also shall cry himself and shall not be heard. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. Be not a witness against thy neighbor without a cause; and deceive not with thy lips."

Eighteenth, Ecclesiastes: I am Ecclesiastes. I too give you Hebrew wisdom, literature with a considerable keen insight into the problems of human life. Mine is the gratification of individul desire in every conceivable form only to learn all is vanity. Nothing endureth. There is no steadfastness. But in old age he finds at last that which gives satisfaction, the one safeguard against a lifetime of fruitless searching and disappointment." Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil day come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shall say I have no pleasure in them."

Nineteenth, Song of Solomon: I am the Song of Solomon. A poem of love. The Song of Songs of the Bible. A lyric drama with a pastoral background. Tradition says that King Solomon wrote me. My theme is the triumph of virtuous love over all the riches that a great king can offer.

Twentieth, Isaiah: I am Isaiah, the statesman prophet of the Lord. Often I am called the prince of prophets. My book is perhaps the greatest prophetic book in the Old Testament. Its spirituality, love of justice and conception of God are high points in Hebrew literature. Its leading subjects are: majesty of man, sinfulness of man, divine judgment, salvation for a remnant, and refuge in God alone. I sound the whole gamut of human emotions. Blessed of my God with intellect, abundant energy, and splendid faith, I have achieved a place among the great writers of the earth.

Twenty-first, Jeremiah: I am Jeremiah, the gloomy prophet. I received this distinguishing title because of the bitter invectives I hurl against the narrow religious bigotry of my day. And because of my predictions of national disaster at the hands of the Babylonians. I have been classed with

Isaiah for my universal conception of God and for the stress I place upon individuality in religious living. My unswerving devotion to the will of God, my dauntless courage in rebuking evil, and my supreme faith in God's plan for Israel reveal my character.

Twenty-second, Lamentations: I am Lamentations. Upon my pages are written five poems, all dealing with a common theme; even the calamities that befell the people of Judah and their beloved Jerusalem by the Chaldeans.

Twenty-third, Ezekiel: I am Ezekiel the prophet and a captive in Babylonia. I give to you my religious and prophetic thoughts. My conviction is that further judgments are eminent for the Jews in the future. My growing anxiety is to win the souls of individuals who might form the nucleus of a purified Israel in the future. My book covers twenty-two years of prophetic ministry, and there is no better example to be found of the human side of the Scripture than it contains.

Twenty-fourth, Daniel: I am Daniel. I give you the story of the faithfulness of Daniel and his three comrades, all Hebrews, while in captivity. We kept the commandments contained in the Scriptures as taught by our parents, and the Lord never forsook us. He gave us wisdom and strength, faith and courage to triumph over the trials and tests of the hard life of a captive. The lions did not devour me when I was thrown into their den; the fire did not burn my three companions, for we had obeyed the will of God. I saw in vision centuries before it happened the stone cut without hands out of the mountains that was to roll and break in pieces the ten kingdoms and fill the whole earth. God gave me dreams and visions; and the interpretation of troublesome dreams of kings.

Twenty-fifth, Hosea: I am Hosea, the prophet of pity who saw the heart of God waiting to forgive his prodigal peoples. I am from the northern kingdom of Israel. The aim of my prophecy is to show the forgiving love of God to erring Israel. There will be punishment but there will also be a bright future, if Israel will repent. As I forgave my wife her sin against me, surely God will be equally compassionate to Israel.

Twenty-sixth, Joel: I am Joel. I give you a book of judgments. I persistently and eloquently urged repentance before the coming of the terrible day of Jehovah. The people gave ear and they received blessings many and rich both spiritual and material. But above all there will come a great outpouring of the spirit of prophecy, and the terrors which are to come will not affect the Jews.

Twenty-seventh, Amos: I am Amos the prophet of justice. Into the midst of a corrupt civilization I came as a preacher of righteousness; a solitary man armed only with the truth entering a great city with the purpose of converting a nation. I declare the stern, unflinching justice of God. Perhaps I am bitter against the luxury and religious pride of the northern kingdom of Israel, but I warn them fully of the calamities which God is going to rain down upon all nations who do not live justly. None can escape. God is not mocked; neither is he appeased by feasts and offerings. Prepare to meet thy God, oh House of Israel.

Twenty-eighth, Obediah: I am

Obediah. I could not forebear adding my voice of warning to those of the other prophets. Although my warning is short it is forceful. It foretells entirely the ruin which is about to fall upon the tribe of Edom (Esau) that live just south of the dead sea.

Twenty-ninth, Jonah: I am Jonah. I try like Ruth to show God's love for all his children, Jew and non-Jew alike. As an exposition of God's love for all people I challenge any and all of the other writers of the Old Testament to surpass it. In true repentance out of the depths of hell cried I unto the Lord. Even out of the belly of the whale, and he heard my cry. Because I had accepted fully the fact that God is the God of all nations.

Thirtieth, Micah: I am Micah, a younger contemporary who sympathizes with the peasantry in their sufferings. I attack not perhaps with greater boldness but with greater directness and in more scathing terms the wrongs to which they have been exposed at the hands of the rich rulers of Judah. While Isaiah is concerned with the political side of it, I, Micah, am concerned with the ethical and religious side of it.

Thirty-first, Nahum: I am Nahum. I give you just three short chapters. The theme of which is the fall of Nineveh, the capitol of the Assyrians. In extremely forceful language I paint vividly terrible pictures, as I gloat over the downfall of this powerful city because of the past cruelty and harshness it has imposed upon my people.

Thirty-second, Habakkuk: I am the prophet Habakkuk, who in a dialogue with Jehovah inquires about the violence and injustice that prevails on every hand. Jehovah answers me that the Chaldeans are to be instruments of punishment for the prevailing evils but in the end their pride will be their downfall. Like Nahum I occupy but a small space and belong to the group known to Bible scholars as the "Minor Prophets."

Thirty-third, Zephaniah: I am Zephaniah. The spirit wrought strong, and I could not withstand it. I predict the approach of the great and terrible day of Jehovah, and of the condemnations that is to be heaped upon the Jews who have adopted foreign ways of living and who are corrupted with ways of intrigue, and those who are religiously indifferent. But out of the coming trials a preferred remnant will be loyal to God and dwell in safety in their own land.

Thirty-fourth, Haggai: I am the prophet Haggai. My strength and time I spent trying to enthuse the Jews who have returned from exile to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem to Jehovah. Drought and crop failure will combine until the Jews rally to this important duty. As long as the temple remains unbuilt the Jews will remain an unclean people. I succeed in giving my people a new hope; the promise of a new and glorious age.

Thirty-fifth, Zechariah: I am Zechariah the prophet who joins with Haggai in seeking to induce the Jews to finish the rebuilding of the temple. To begin with I send out an earnest call to repentance. Then in the eight symbolic visions that follow, I give encouragement to the people, especially to Zerubbabel and to Joshua, the civil and religious heads of the community, in the work of rebuilding the temple. The significant features of

each of these visions were pointed out to me by an angel.

Thirty-sixth, Malachi: I am Malachi, a prophet and sage, who exhorts and rebukes. I rebuke the prophets for being neglectful of their duties. I rebuke the Jews for contracting foreign marriages, also those who question the divine government of the world, and those who have been neglectful in the payment of their tithes. I announce the day of judgment when Jehovah will appear to purify the unworthy priests and punish his guilty people. Then again I lift my voice to exhort the people to obey the Mosaic law, and promise the advent of Elijah the prophet.

Reader: The life of the prophets is not a flowery one. They spent a lifetime of struggle to establish truths and right among the heedless children of men.

The march of the Prophets.

Genesis leads, all follow him down from the terraced platform but break into several short lines and march in a criss-cross fashion holding unlighted candles and marching in a posture as with drawn swords to indicate struggle. They form into a double line and march with bowed heads and clasped hands to denote sorrow still holding unlighted candles. As they change from "sorrow" they, unobserved if possible, light candles and form into single line and change from the slow sorrowful tread to a lively triumphal step, bodies and heads erect and candles held high. A grand triumphal march finishes. The music for this march should depict first struggle, then sorrow and finally triumph. The lights also must agree to give desired effect. The prophets march off stage triumphantly and chant. The mother returns, tired and worried, to find children asleep. She gazes on them with pride and decides to warm up and rest by the fire before wakening them for bed. She draws a chair before the fire and sits down. As she relaxes and becomes warm, she too falls asleep.

Chanting is heard off stage. Chanting: Back to Scriptures, etc. Before chanting ceases, Books of Old Testament begin returning to stage. They come in and form in three groups facing the mother.

After they march they chant:

How beauteous are their feet who stand on Zion's Hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues and words of peace reveal;
How blessed are our ears that hear the joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for and sought but never found;
How blessed are our eyes that see the Heavenly light
So long desired by ancient seers who died without the sight.
The watchmen join their voices and tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in song and deserts learn the joy.

Books in Unison: We are the scriptures. We come to you down the ages of time out of the past, heavily laden with messages of light and truth and a knowledge of your Creator even the Creator of Heaven and Earth. We mark the path by which you may return to Him. "Search the scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they which testify of Me." "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." We commend you and congratulate you, O little mother of the children of men, for your faith and integrity in your effort to teach your children "God and Truth" through the Scriptures. Blessed be thy efforts, "Back to the Scriptures."

Isaiah steps forward and places a crown on the sleeping mother's head, bearing the words, "Integrity and Faith." He returns to place and the books repeat:

The Hebrews wrote their national history in Historical books, in books of prophecy, in books of Song and devotion and in books of wisdom, religion and philosophy.

1st Group, Books of History (Genesis to Esther inclusive) hoist a banner above their group bearing the name of the group, and say in unison:

The idea of one God unseen and not to be worshipped in visible form had been taught in the beginning, and taken a firm hold on human minds. This is the outstanding achievement of the Hebrews, the thing which gives the Old Testament eternal truth and inspiration. In its total effect the Old Testament is a record of God's progressive revelation of himself to man. Steadily from Genesis to Micah the conception of God's nature grows clearer, and finer.

2nd group: Poetry Books (from Job to Song of Solomon) also raise banner bearing their name and say:

The Bible is not alone a book but a divine library; the product not of one mind and one age but of many minds and many ages. It is the literary record of the Hebrews and gives to the world eternal truth expressed in unforgettable beauty. Clear thought, simple words, genuine emotion, these are the gold of literature. Peace be unto you and your household. May faith and love and charity abound and good works endure forever. We welcome you "Back to the Scriptures."

3rd group. Books of Prophecy. (Isaiah to Malachi.) Carry Banner with their group name on.

Books: Greece honored poets, philosophers, sculptors, orators. Rome honored emperors, military leaders and poets but Israel revered most her prophets, mouthpieces of God, they explained and justified God to His people. The Old Testament ends with a people who have learned humility through suffering and righteousness through adversity and with prophets who utter the will of God in more and more exalted language. As Micah who reached the grandest elevation says. "He hath shown thee O man what is good and what doth the Lord require of thee but to walk justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

"I am God (sayeth the Lord) and there is none else. Be ye holy for I am holy. Behold I set before you life and death. Therefore choose life." Hail to thy faith in "Back to the Scriptures."

A bright light appears and in it a personage representing Christ standing a little above and in front of the Books. The Books turn shading their eyes and look to see from whence comes the light and personage. In reverence and awe they bow their heads and drop to one knee. They extend lighted candles reverently. Christ with a pleased countenance says, "I am the Life and the Way." (Suitable colored lights all through the pageant add beauty and color to it.) In the groups the candles are held together symbolic of increased strength in union.

Curtain soon after Christ ceases speaking and with colored light representing night. Family are still sleeping.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be lifted up ye everlasting doors.

"And the King of Glory shall come in.

"Who is this King of Glory?

"The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory."

Trails of Smoke

By Eva Willes Wangsgard

THE trickster, Ulysses, is back among us. The wooden horse, tobacco, has been drawn into each town and hamlet to leave its trails of smoke. The one at Troy had but one deceiver left behind to tell his crafty tales while the modern ones have all the facilities of our age, the radio, the newspaper, magazines, and the billboard with all their counterparts.

Ours, like the one of old, entered our gates in wartime. It was natural in those fevered days to give the boys, who were defending democracy for us, everything we could to make their lives happier and pleasanter. But there were present among us this trickster and his helpers. They saw a rich harvest in store and proceeded with the cleverest line of advertising that ever tricked an unsuspecting public.

The gay-nineties type of buxom beauty of questionable repute left the tobacco program to be replaced by the trimmest, and most carefully dressed set of respectable looking young ladies that any woman's heart ever envied. With the guilelessness of the Trojans, many of our young innocents linked that state of perfection with the smoking habit and tried to attain it. For a short time a certain slogan, capitalizing on the fad for slenderness, tried to tell the not-so-slender ones that cigarettes were preferable to candy. There they met the determined opposition of other powerful interests and that slogan disappeared from our commercial art work.

OTHER slogans were substituted and they grew in numbers. It is in the interpretation of those slogans that I fail to understand the gullibility of the public. Recently, the proprietor of a store let me examine his stock of tobacco, all the popular brands. Not one of those slogans appears on a package. Why? Because we have a Pure Food and Drugs Act which requires that only the truth concerning a product under their jurisdiction may appear on a container. There is no such law governing the statements by radio, in newspapers, magazines, on billboards, etc. The extravagance of the claims used in those media are governed only by the conscience of the advertiser.

THEN again, the slogans themselves offer the greatest argument against the use of tobacco that I have ever read. Is it not self-evident that, if one company makes the claims "They satisfy" that none of them satisfy, but the smoker is constantly harassed by an unsatisfied feeling, which gives the advertiser a definite point to which he can appeal? The statement itself is ridiculous. If that brand really satisfied the smoker, one package is all he would ever buy since no one carries a pleasure willingly beyond the point of satiation, or, if he does, it is no longer a pleasure. If one is "less acid," is that not an open indictment against the acidity of all cigarettes? Is it not ridiculous to advertise that such should be smoked "for digestion's sake" because of their "alkalinity?" If another is "kind to your throat" is that not proof positive that as a rule cigarettes are throat irritants? If one brand "never

lets you down" is that not advertising the fact that most cigarettes give the user a fagged-out feeling? If the slogan is true, why "get a lift" from another. If one kind doesn't "get your wind," then does it not logically follow that all of them do?

One could go on like this indefinitely. The point is that the tobacco companies themselves are pointing out the evils of the tobacco habit so widely and in letters so large that all who run may read.

THERE are three other points which I should like to make. The first is the matter of convenience. On the surface the wasted time seems like a small matter, but to me it is of great moment. Any person, who from long patience, sacrifice, and perseverence has finally acquired the key to the fuller life, knows that the only real happiness comes from accomplishment. There is no other thrill to equal the one that follows an accomplishment of worth. Those ancient peoples whom we sometimes pity had acquired a knowledge of human psychology that is scarcely out-done today. They said, "Labor is its own reward." It matters little what one's talents are so long as he develops them to the fullest measure of his ability in his working time here. There's where the villain, tobacco, enters from the left wing. Tobacco cuts down the efficiency by its ceaseless grind on the nerves. Think of the interruptions and the consequent waste of time because the job has to wait for tobacco nerves to be soothed by another cigarette.

When I was a child, I had an uncle who was a chain, roll-your-own cigarette smoker. We children used to ask, "Ugh! Why do you smoke, Uncle Al?"

He always answered, "Why not? A chimney smokes" and his great laugh would roll across the room. It was his son who told me that the chief reason why none of his seven sons took up with the cigarette habit was because every time there was a meticulous or heavy job to do on the farm such as the shifting of the rack for the beet box on the running gears of the wagon they had to stop, often in mid air and lower it again, while their father rolled, lit, and puffed at a cigarette.

THEN there is the matter of cleanliness. Is it not inconsistent to patronize so religiously the several well-known advertised products that promise wonderful results from keeping down all bodily odors and at the same time succumbing to this group which adds more foul odors than any natural bodily function any ordinary person might neglect? I insist that anything that smells like that is not clean. Anyone who has spent five minutes confined in a closed telephone booth knows what I mean. Often the stench in an office is so great that one not used to it might insist, as I did one afternoon to the embarrassment of an entire office force, since the boss was the offender, that there was a mouse, caught behind something, which was in very great need of interment. Of course, it is claimed that these odors and the stains can be kept down, but how few of the users do keep them down.

THERE remains the matter of economy. Victor Hugo in his famed description of the poverty-stricken people of Paris said, "In the cupboards there may be no rice, but always there is tea and tobacco." In the last decade when just to feed our poor has been an insuperable problem think of the unfairness of expecting hard-working, self-denying people to supply tobacco, too.

Think how our schools have been handicapped for lack of funds and then imagine the beautiful buildings that could be built and the equipment that could be bought for the money spent in advertising these products alone. What right have we to consider ourselves civilized while we allow this leeching weed to flourish while we are unable to do justice to our children?

Even in the homes where the fear of starvation has never stalked, think of the numerous little luxuries that the mother and children are denied and yet there is money for tobacco. How many mothers have longed for a few "white hyacinths to feed the soul" of the home and had to watch them disappear in trails of thin, blue smoke.

LET us return again to the simile of burning Troy and say that our unplanned and unbuilded churches, schools, libraries, and homes are only millions of plumes of blue smoke. One writer said of the steam engine age, "Many smokes still rise over the prairies but now they are wide and black where once they were thin and blue." Let me remind you how the thin blue trails of smoke have spread far beyond the prairies and are more numerous and much more treacherous than those that menaced the pioneer camps not so long ago.

GREETING CARDS

ARE you working to win one of the prizes offered by the Relief Society for greeting cards? See offer in July, 1936 *Magazine,* page 455.

A MAGIC WAY

By Ella J. Coulam

Some people have a magic way
Of helping people out of trouble;
They seem to know the time and place
To prick the sorrow bubble;
They have a tactful way of giving
A helping hand for joyous living.

Some people have a magic way
Of turning chaos into peace,
A swift transforming touch that soothes
And makes all discord cease;
They have a happy way of giving
A peaceful, tranquil glow to living.

New Patterns in Sex Teaching

By Frances Bruce Strain

(A Book Review)

By Virginia Budd Jacobsen

PARENTS of today are faced with the serious problem of training children in the matters of sex. Whether we like it or not, the problem is ours, and we must face it. If we do not instruct them in these matters very early, they are sure to get the facts from their playmates or older children in an unwholesome manner.

Even at the age of four, five and six, questions related to sex come into the minds of these youngsters of ours and it is our task and privilege to answer them honestly and frankly. We must be ready to answer their first questions when they arise. But we are handicapped, generally, with a lack of scientific knowledge, presence of mind, and courage to answer truthfully and honestly as we should.

To aid in answering these questions, "every family should have one strong-backed book on the subject of sex training of children—not a leaflet, not a pamphlet, but a dignified volume that can be a lantern in the hand to every intelligent and progressive parent. It should be a part of the family child-guidance bookshelf." Such a book is *New Patterns in Sex Training* by Frances Bruce Strain.

Mrs. Strain, besides being a splendid mother, is widely known as an educator, lecturer, and author. She is a graduate of the University of Iowa, later she became Acting Psychologist of the Children's Clinic of the Colorado Psychopathic Hospital at Denver. From this position she went to the University of Minnesota, where she carried on a long research on the problems and methods of sex training and education. At present, Mrs. Strain is Associate Educational Director of the Cincinnati Social Hygiene Society, lecturing yearly on sex education to thousands of parents and acting as consultant on individual problems.

"New Patterns in Sex Teaching is offered as a practical guide over the somewhat unfamiliar and often hilly country of sex life of children from infancy to adolescence. Its purpose is to take away that feeling of insecurity which most parents suffer in the face of hazards of neighborhood play, questionable companions, street talk, sex activities, occasional immoralities—experiences which sooner or later, directly or indirectly, come into the horizon of most children. It includes ways of meeting these situations, ways of interpreting them, ways of supplanting them, in order that undesirable results may be lessened and parental peace of mind be restored.

"It includes answers to hundreds of the most usual questions in relation to pregnancy, birth, fertilization, mating, which children ask in the early years. . . . The answers are adaptable to the varying ages of children and usable by adults who have little familiarity with biological facts and terms."

How many of us know how to meet these situations? More than that, how many of us know how to meet them in such a way that no injury shall be done to the child nature?

"Modern methods of child guidance and mental hygiene point out the difference between a bad habit corrected and a habit corrected badly. . . . Punishment can leave an injury that is greater than the thing which caused the punishment. . . . More than any other part of our natures, our sex natures have been injured—often irreparably injured—by wrong methods of training. Nobody was to blame. Until recently, nobody knew there was such a nature in childhood to save from injury. That is one of the things we have come to know.

"Most mothers of today have accepted sex education whole-heartedly because back in their minds is the memory of many futile gropings for a few simple facts that were withheld from them."

Mrs. Strain has treated almost every phase of the sex problem as it is related to youth, in this delightful book. She has written it in response to a pressing and repeated demand from parents for a permanent guide in handling this very important problem.

Perhaps a brief outline of the chapter headings will best answer the question "Just what is in the book?"

I. Introduction.
II. The Love Impulse.
III. Making the Right Start.
IV. Learning Social Standards.
V. Playground Problems.
VI. First Questions of Young Children.
VII. A Few Rules of the Game.
VIII. The Questionless Child.
IX. The Rough and Tumble Age.
X. Preparation for Maturity.

There are four pages of questions which children ask concerning the sex problem, with the page given whereon the proper answer is given. For example:

Where do babies come from?—Page 95.

Where did you get me, Mother?—Page 94.

How big is a baby when its starts to grow?—Page 153.

How does the baby get out?—Page 98.

How can the opening be made big enough?—Page 99.

Why must there always be a father?—Page 152.

What is menstruation?—Page 192.

Why are girls different from boys?—Page 157.

These few questions give a fair idea of the breadth of the book. It is truly a valuable handbook. It is frank. It is sincere. It is honest in dealing with the most difficult phase of life to teach to children. The answers to the questions are simple and direct, and given in such a manner as to eliminate any embarrassment for parent or child.

"This book is not a scientific treatise. We are not attempting to decide fine or final points or sexual psychology. Yet it is far from being an arm-chair volume. Rather, it is a human record, written from the experience of years of association with the mothers of young children."

Quotations from the book by permission from the publishers, D. Appleton-Century Company.

DAME NATURE'S WAY

By Matilda A. Christiansen

I awoke one October morning
And a wonderful scene met my view,
Queen Autumn had painted a garden
Of glowing harmonious hue;
Her easel was Old Timpanogos
That held with his towering height
The canvas spread on the mountain
O'erflooded with rising sun light.

For brushes she had used the red maple,
Eclipsing the poppy's bright beam.
And with white stemmed quivering aspen
Had spread yellow and golden sun sheen.
Next morning I looked on the mountain,
Queen Autumn the long night had wrought
On the rounded curve of Old Baldy
Another fair garden plot.

She had taken her brushes of scarlet
And with pigments of russet and brown,
With designs and splashes of color
Had painted for him a new crown
More dashing than summer time's splendor,
More perfect in color and line,
And had bordered the rim of his garment
With the mystic dark green of the pine.

I looked on the mountains one morning,
'Twas a November's cold dawn;
Queen Autumn's fair garden had vanished,
Queen Autumn's bright colors were gone.
For King Winter had come in the dawning
And where his icy tipped sceptre held sway,
The scarlets had turned to dull olive
The yellows and russets to grey.

Timpanogos loomed drab 'gainst the sky-line,
Dejected, Mahogany looked down;
Bereft of his bright Autumn colors,
Bald Mountain stood somber and brown.
When Dame Nature had brought chill December
And the mornings were crispy and cold,
I looked again on my mountains,
Transfigured they stood, for behold!

King Winter, surveying the hill tops,
Ashamed of the ruin he'd wrought
All night at shaping a mantle
Of fleecy white snow-flakes had wrought,
A mantle be-sprinkled with diamonds,
Next morning shown on the height,
And the mountains decked out in new glory
Stood stalwart, majestic and white.

The Gift of the Storm

(A True Story)

By Ellen G. Rees

HANNAH stood in the doorway watching him. He was driving away, leaving her alone! How did he dare go now? How could she bear it? She raised her eyes to Heaven beseechingly, "Oh, God," she prayed, "help me, I am so afraid. Give me courage!"

This was in early days in Arizona, and the frail, girlish woman was watching from the doorway of a small, lonely, ranch-house. Her eyes looked unseeingly over the desert. There was so little to see and less to hear—some corrals and ill-shaped fences made of cedar post and barbed wire, straggling bits of grease wood, then endless miles until the sky and land seemed to meet. Not a sound but the rising Fall wind, that most lonely of winds, not even falling leaves to rustle because there wasn't even a tree there.

Sinking to the step in a heap she thought of seven years ago when she had married Harvey and come to live here where her ranch life began. She wasn't quite sixteen then. She hadn't guessed how serious and different everything would be. Her babies had come so fast, one, two, three, one right after the other. One of them, honest-faced little John, she had lost with croup so suddenly that she wasn't over the shock of it yet. Then in July, during that severe hot spell, four-year-old Carl, had those constant grinding pains in his stomach which, try as she would, she could not relieve. The muddy drinking water from the river, the only water available, must have caused it. She had heard of the danger of impure water so she had boiled it and then let it stand until it settled clear before using, but it was warm and had a flat taste which did not satisfy his fever-parched lips that begged and begged for just one cool drink. He became so sick that they thought best to take him to the nearest doctor, that being quicker than to send for the doctor. They reached the place only to find him miles away on another call.

But here was a spring and crystal, cool water. They handed him a drink just as the substitute doctor saw and ordered, "Oh, don't give him that! Cold water will kill him." All his strength went with this disappointment. He turned his face to the wall and the end soon came. This ever haunted her,—his intense suffering, his pleadings, and the memory that she could not grant his one and only plea.

Since these experiences with death such a helpless feeling possessed her, making her afraid, and birth being so akin to death, she was appalled at the future, because she was about to have another baby. As the time drew nearer, her terror increased. How could she go through this ordeal with only her husband and the nearest woman, as she had done three times before. She would try to forget her dumb terror if she could have a doctor, but this seemed impossible. In the first place, her husband would think her unduly anxious, and that it was not necessary, and then the money to pay him, where would they get that?

Their small crop had failed be-

cause the dam holding the water necessary for irrigation had been washed away. Rains had been even less than the usual scanty amount, so the cattle were thin. Many had gone 'loco' and being poor, soon died. The cattle were their livelihood, so when there were but few left to sell and weighing light, they had brought a low price.

If only she had some money to use just as she wished, how glad she would be, but that was hopeless. She never had and she never would ask for money, she was too proud. Her husband was proud too; he would hesitate to send for the physician unless there were cash on hand to pay him.

HARVEY had been left fatherless in early boyhood and so had been forced into harsh and premature manhood. Play and gentleness had been missing in his youth, so he grew into a cold, hard, undemonstrative man, old beyond his years. To be a 'real' cowboy, as he was, one had to lose all sense of fear, and he had learned this lesson well. He wasn't afraid of anything. Loneliness too, must be conquered, so he could not sense the ever growing loneliness that gnawed and almost overwhelmed her. This desert life, too, made people hard. It was so common to see pain and suffering, to see men, beasts and plants seeking out a bare existence. To see one and all give up their heart's desires and endure any sacrifice without a murmur was a daily sight.

So Hannah had hidden her dread and fear of the future from her husband, but now he was gone and she had not even his help, she was more frightened than ever. Hopelessly huddled there on the doorstep heeding not, nor sensing the passing of time, she was roused by her only child who came running and calling, "Mother, see those tumble weeds, they go rolling and rolling; they look like wheels, and the wind blowed all my stick horses down, and I lost my hat too."

"Yes, dear," she said as she looked around, "the cattle are starting out earlier than usual. There must be a storm coming; we'd better get busy. Can you get the buckets? We will get a 'turn' of water first."

On their way to the river she watched the cattle which had been down earlier to drink and take their noon-day rest. They were up now and walking determinedly away toward the cedars. "Strange how they can always tell when there is a storm coming," she mused aloud. "They may go too far and then Daddy will have to go after them when he gets back," she told the boy.

This was his work, keeping these wild, un-penned cattle from roaming to nearby herds; branding and ear-marking them, constantly moving them to new grass and water as the old dried out; shipping and selling steers in the fall; 'pulling the log' when they stuck in the quicksand (which was constantly) 'breaking-in' the 'broncos' or wild horses for their work; this with occasional trips to town for supplies left him little time and thought for anything else. But he had been worrying lately. Taxes would soon be due, and he needed the money. That morning he very suddenly told her of his self-made plans. "I'm going to town today," he said. "It's court week, county court, and lots of men will be in town. The one hotel there won't hold them all. In mother's large house, and with her help, we can fix beds and cook for them and make some cash for taxes. The cattle will be all right for a few days,

and I may send a man down to look after them."

She was so surprised and shocked that no words came. Of course she wanted him to go and get money, but how could she stay alone? What if something should happen and she alone there? If she could then have spoken her fears, all might have been different, but something held her dumb, and so he had driven away, little dreaming of her terror.

As the mother filled the buckets she said, "Yes, the river is rising, they have had rain above here."

Oh, that river! A raging, seething, foaming ,torrent today, a tiny, silver thread tomorrow, twisting and winding along in its bed of sand, bringing life and hope or death and destruction as it wended its way onward. The Little Colorado River, an oasis in the desert, a refuge for the lonely, weary traveler, a mecca for man and beast! Treacherous because bedded in many places with quicksand, tired, thirsty man and beast sought to quench his thirst only to be caught in that same quicksand and sucked down until helpless, starved, and exhausted, life slowly ebbed away. Yet how important that river, because it was the only source of water for miles and miles.

Dams and small reservoirs built along its course were washed out repeatedly by its rampageous floods bringing drought, loss of crops, wreckage of tiny farms and settlements huddled timidly on its all but sterile banks. Most settlers had not gone there of their own accord; they had been called there.

After the water, she carried in wood, fed chickens, changed some calves to a different pasture, watered horses, milked the two cows and fed calves. By this time the rain was pouring down. Then inside as she cared for the boy, she listened as it steadily increased. It seemed the very Heavens were opened.

By bed-time it had grown until it terrified her. Thoughts of a flood now came vividly. She had seen some and knew how they swept away everything in their path. It didn't seem safe to stay there, yet she thought with terror of getting a horse, preparing the sleeping child and trying to ride to higher ground. But she must—as she hastily gathered food and coats, the kerosene lamp flickered and sputtered and seemed about to go out and leave her in total darkness. She clenched her hands in utter fear and despair. What should she do?

THEN some sound distinct through the storm halted her. Were her senses betraying her? Certainly she could hear wheels and horses splashing above the roar of it all. Someone was coming, who could it be, had her husband come back to help her?

The sounds drew nearer and stopped. She opened the door just in time to hear a strange voice shout, "Hello, hello, say can you put us up for the night?"

She dimly perceived two 'buckboards' filled with men be-spatted, be-draggled, dripping with mud and water. "Say, where's the man of the house? There's a bridge washed out back there, so we couldn't get through that way, and we had to come on this road. The mud's been awful and now our teams are 'give-out.' The storm's about over, but we want to get in and get dried out. Can we stay here tonight?" There was one thing Arizona was rich in, and that was hospitality.

"My husband is away but you are welcome to stay," she told them bewildered and wondering how that crowd could be made comfortable

in her small home, but they gladly filed in.

SOON after, the rain and wind began to quiet down—the storm had spent itself. Meanwhile, the drivers had cared for their horses and a big ruddy-faced man further explained, "Missus, we are lawyers, a judge and jurymen from Prescott going up here to the county-seat to hold court. Now if we can just light up a fire in this fireplace we'll be mighty happy to get dry."

The room did afford a fine fireplace. It was cheaper to build one than to buy a stove, and logs were easier to cut for it. Wood was piled high and soon a blazing fire lighted the tanned, strong faces gathered in the firelight. Their dripping Stetsons were hung on nails, wet coats were draped on the backs of chairs and the room soon filled with steam from their wet clothes. Their care-free laughter and joking remarks made her forget her fears and filled her heart with something like comfort.

She didn't ask if they were hungry, but went into the kitchen thankful for the loaves of fresh bread she had baked that day, for fresh-churned butter and pans of milk with thick, tempting cream. From another shelf she brought some of her precious fruit. "How fine that beef-steak Harvey left will be for those hungry men," she half whispered.

As the grease began to spatter, she heard near by a man's voice, "Say, lady, let me help you, I'm used to riding the 'chuck wagon'." With his help the meal was soon ready. As the men ate, their leader voiced appreciation, "I'll say this is fit for a king, we were almost starved!"

Their hunger satisfied and comfortably warm, their coats rolled up for pillows, they soon sprawled over the one bed and the warm floor sound asleep, and Hannah, in the kitchen on a cot, had forgotten the storm, and all her fears, and she slept also.

SHUFFLING of spurs and kicking on of boots awakened her at the first signs of dawn. The storm was over, the sky clear. The men would be half-way to town by sun-up, no need to ask them to stay for breakfast; they would want to be up and away now.

She dressed and came into the room just in time to see them ready to leave, and wishing to show their appreciation, they reached into their pockets and with lavish, reckless generosity showered down on the table money—dollars, more dollars, and even five-dollar gold pieces.

She stood in amazement, then with jolly thanks, a handshake or two, they trouped out. She hadn't thought of their money—but here it was, hers now, all hers! Her hands closed over it eagerly. She bowed her head in thankfulness and peace.

Now money for the doctor was sure!

HARVEST DAYS

By Lucy G. Bloomfield

Time was, when I thought my cup of joy,
Was full and running o'er.
But now to my amazement,
I find it can hold still more.
When my babies were laughing gleefully
'Cause daddy would soon be home,
And supper was cooked and ready,
With just my hair to comb;
I used to say as I summed things up,
That life could yield no more,
There was joy and health, babies and home
And daddy at the door.

But I've found that an All Wise Father,
When He planned out our life below,
Put no limit to the joys of man,
No bliss that they could not know.

Now our children are grown and flown away,
They have builded nests of their own.
But the harvest time of our life is here,
When they all come trooping home.
Dear God! My happiness multiplies,
Just see those three little boys,
Each wants to be first for his grandma's kiss,
Ah there's few things to equal such joys.
We spread a feast with what they've brought,
For it's grandpa's birthday you see.
Supreme is the joy within the cup,
The late years have brought to me.

THE MAGAZINE

By Edna J. Gardiner

"If I had two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

The Relief Society, the mother organization of our Church, ever alert to the needs of its members, has provided for us the *Relief Society Magazine.*

Containing the best in literature, as also the lessons for class-work, this magazine does, in very deed, proffer food for the soul in spiritual uplift and guidance. Information on home and civic problems is offered through articles contributed by teachers and professionally trained specialists in particular lines. Leaders in church and nation present here articles for our advancement and enlightenment.

The Relief Society Magazine is truly a hand-book for the training of better mothers. Here they may find peace in time of sorrow; inspiration and recreation.

The cost of the *Magazine* is so little as to be within the reach of all.

May we, as Relief Society members express our appreciation by our enrollment on the subscription lists. By so doing, we are assured first aid in every problem.

A Power Irresistible

By Eleanor Baird

IN olden times woman's place was solely in the home, but many changes have taken place within the last fifty years. For many centuries women have been spoken of as the power behind the throne, but already she has stepped out from behind it, and many who seem competent to look into the future, see her sitting upon the throne itself, tomorrow.

The reason that women have not taken their place side by side with the other sex in the past, has been because of their lack of opportunity but that excuse will not do now. Never has there been a time in the history of the world when women have had the opportunity that they have today. Their freedom is greater, their education is better and their thought is broader. They no longer have to be just interested spectators; they have the ability, and they should have the will to accomplish great things.

Women have a different viewpoint on life and its fundamental principles than men. Save in war, busy men rarely organize except for fraternal purposes. Women, however, will always unite in pursuit of some common ideal. They are always struggling to raise standards, especially those standards that influence home life. Today they work side by side with men in every field of industry and government, but there are still too few of them.

There are so many things that need improvement, so many things that are still undone, just waiting for women to come forward and help. Child welfare, cleaning up of politics and motion pictures, civic and educational improvements, and pure food regulations; these are all fields in which women can take an active part. The crime problem is another opportunity.

It is interesting to know what was done along this line in Chicago alone. Six brave and clever women organized what was known as the "Secret Six," which threw the whole underworld into confusion. It is said that hundreds of gangsters left that city because of them.

Today the politics of most women is simply that of their husbands or nearest male relative. If they have neither, they have no politics. This is really a disgrace to the sex. With the education offered women today, there is absolutely no excuse for their lack of interest in the policies of the nation. This is one thing women should attend to. Let it not be said that they are not interested or cannot be bothered with our nation's government.

Woman is the greatest latent power in the world today. A power that is slowly but steadily growing. With competent leadership it will be a power irresistible for the good of mankind and for peace in the whole world.

A good leader is one who recognizes public good above personal interest; she must have expert knowledge; she must be above average in spiritual, mental, and moral qualities; she must inspire her followers as well as lead them. She must have courage, unselfishness, enthusiasm,

and tact. All these things she can attain if she only has the desire and will-power.

Women should listen, study, and take part in the things which will give an understanding in those matters which are of vital interest to the country and the world today.

Women must not sit helpless when great problems of crime, graft, and war threaten to destroy their homes, life and liberty.

It is woman's duty to make the best use of the Relief Society lessons, public lectures, the radio, and good books, that they may have a quieting, steadying effect on the future.

I SHALL NOT CARE

By Elsie E. Barrett

It will not matter when I pass away
About the flowers;
I shall not even care if none are there;
My soul will be elsewhere and not aware
Of earthly hours
When words of cheer were few, when days were grey
With doubt and fear;
When burdens were too heavy borne alone,
And adverse winds seemed always round me blown
From year to year.
I needed flowers of Friendship then, that would
Have helped me climb
The rocky path to where with wider range
My thoughts might leave the furrowed course and change
To those sublime.
I climbed the stony way the best I could
Alone with prayer;
Perhaps that road was best to gain reward
That yet may come to me; but I'd oft despair.
So let us give to one in life who needs
Sweet blooms of hope;
Not waiting till she leaves this earth's abode,
But give an hour of time to ease her load,
And help her cope
With hardships by our timely kindly deeds.
It will not matter when I pass away
About the flowers;
I shall not even care if none are there.

Notes From The Field

Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

Oneida Stake.

DURING the latter part of the season the Preston Fourth Ward Relief Society of the Oneida Stake held a party in honor of the retiring officers who had recently been released. A special invitation was given to all former Presidents of Relief Society since the organization of the Ward—ten were present, and each received a beautiful corsage. A very fine program was rendered, and this included the reading of a paper telling the outstanding characteristics of each of the officers. This was followed by a delicious luncheon. The picture below is a photograph of those who have held office in this Ward since its organization in 1902, and every president is alive and active in Relief Society work.

Parowan Stake.

A FEATURE of the Mothers' Day celebration in Parowan Stake took the nature of a birthday party for all members of the organization in each Ward. A delightful program was furnished, consisting of music, poetry, etc. This was followed by dainty refreshments. Very careful preparation was made for the event, and loving wishes were exchanged by the members. In this Stake many gardens have been planted. Vegetables for canning have been grown, and there is beauty everywhere through the flowers which have been abundantly cultivated. This is one of the Stakes expressing keen appreciation for the lessons during the year, and on the whole a very successful season was completed.

OFFICERS IN ONEIDA STAKE

SPRINGDALE RELIEF SOCIETY

Zion Park Stake.

AN evidence of the interest which the movement inaugurated this year to bring the mothers and daughters closer together, was given in the very fine celebration held in the Springdale Ward of the Zion Park Stake. The two pictures show the mothers of the organization and the daughters who participated. The daughters gave the entire program under the direction of the literary teacher. It was the beginning of a very fine celebration of this worthy movement in honor of former President Clarissa S. Williams.

Rexburg Stake.

THE Stake Chorister of Rexburg Stake sends the following: "One of the most interesting and unique entertainments ever presented in Rexburg was the Festival of Music, Poetic Literature and Art,

DAUGHTERS OF SPRINGDALE WARD, ZION PARK STAKE

featuring local women composers, writers and artists. This was sponsored by the Music Department of the Rexburg Stake Relief Society and was held in the Rexburg Fourth Ward Chapel, Tuesday, June 23, 1936. Lovely poems, short stories and musical numbers delighted an audience of two hundred and fifty women. Two hundred and twenty-five pictures were on display and included oil paintings, water colors, plaques and tinted photography. Five young ladies served light refreshments at the punch table. So many expressions of delight and appreciation were given that we have decided to make this an annual affair and thereby encourage women and girls to express themselves in the creative fields of music, literature and art."

MRS. MARY A. HOLDEN AND HER SIX DAUGHTERS

North Idaho Falls Stake.

FROM one of our new Stakes comes the report of a very delightful observance of the first Daughters' Day in the Relief Society. The picture is of Mrs. Mary A. Holden and her six daughters. Sister Holden has been an active member of the First Ward Relief Society since its organization. She has been a Visiting Teacher with a record of 100%, and has also been treasurer, Stake Chorister and Ward Chorister. Her daughters are following in their mother's footsteps, and are a fine example of the spirit of the day which it was intended to honor.

South Davis Stake

IN the Magazine Drive, as in other phases of Relief Society work, this enterprising Stake has met with signal success. In the Bountiful Second Ward a particularly effective plan was devised. It was decided that some kind of a container should be left with the sisters; the most available, naturally, was the envelope, as this could be carried in the purse. Soon after the decision to use this, a large quilting and sewing day, where approximately eighty sisters were assembled, was held. The Magazine Agent noted among those present a number who were not enrolled in the Relief Society. She made it a point to personally contact each sister present and present her with one of the envelopes. The fine points of the Magazine were suggested. Some of the sisters present had paid some months in advance, but they were anxious to have the envelope so that when they had a few spare cents they could put them in and be ready when their subscription was required. Many of the sisters who had known very little of Relief Society work or the Magazine caught the enthusiasm of the others, and it was a very successful occasion. The effect of it was not lost with the day, but continues. The Agent reports that each week she receives some of the envelopes, and she feels quite sure that a very successful drive will be conducted this year.

Please put pennies in envelope

for

Relief Society Magazine

(See Report Above)

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXIII OCTOBER, 1936 No. 10

Editorials

Our Meetings Resume

AFTER a long vacation we again take up our courses of study, which we are sure will be greatly enjoyed by our members.

The Theological Lessons, the Teacher's Topics and the Project all are on the New Testament. The unity of these three lines of work will make for greater concentration and scholarship. While we believe many of our organizations will devote most of their time on Work and Business Day to sewing for the needy and in carrying out plans made by their own Stake supervisors, there will be printed in the *Magazine* for those who desire such an outline some suggestive helps for Work and Business day. The Literary lessons will move more slowly than heretofore, as we are taking but three biographies, devoting three lessons to each. At the close of the season we should be well acquainted with Alice Freeman Palmer, Abraham Lincoln as portrayed by Carl Sandburg, and Julia Ward Howe. The Social Service Lessons should make us socially minded and rouse our interest in civic affairs.

While the Child Guidance lessons are primarily for mission use, we hope that all our officers and members will read them carefully, as they are most valuable.

DURING the last two or three years our music has forged forward, and the establishment of Singing Mothers Choruses in most of our organizations has been a delightful feature of our work. Their beautiful singing has been recognized outside of the organization, and they have given service in conferences and many other gatherings.

The summer has been busily spent in sewing, putting up fruit and vegetables and preparing supplies for the winter's needs. This service will not only greatly bless those in need, but those who have worked, as it is not enough that kindly emotions be

aroused, but they should always have an outlet. Our horizon has been widened. We no longer think in terms of wards or stakes, but of the needs of the entire Church. Again the Relief Society women have demonstrated their willingness to serve and their ability to answer each call made upon them by those having the authority so to do.

We hope this year that the lessons will be studied more widely than ever before, and that there will be more general participation in the class work. We grow not by having things poured into us but by studying and thinking ourselves.

During our past season our membership increased, our *Magazine* subscriptions went beyond our fondest anticipations, and every department of our work showed marked progress. This year we should do better than ever before. Each stake and ward should look over its past record, to ascertian what part of the work needs added attention in order to build up its fortifications so as to make what was heretofore weak, strong.

We extend love and best wishes to our officers and members. May the results of this season's work be greater than their fondest dreams can picture.

Columbus

"If Christopher Columbus is the man who, according to the common historical view, shut the door upon the Middle Ages and inaugurated a new world and a new age, the moment when those three paltry vessels left that Spanish harbor is one of the most epoch-making in the history of humanity."

"It is extraordinarily striking to observe, from the detached point of view which the long-completed cycle of events enables us to take, how a great man's star draws him, as though by a never-failing magnetic force, to his appointed end: whatever he does or whatever he fails to do, every error, every neglect, every apparent defeat even, does actually and inevitably bring him nearer to the hour of fulfilment."

PEOPLE who ardently work letting nothing daunt them often attain greater achievements than their fondest dreams presage. This was true of Columbus. As one inspired he struggled on through every discouragement, refusing to be dissuaded when his emprise was called foolish, when he was mocked at, laughed at, scorned. Reduced to beggary he was so conscious of his destiny that he pressed on. His hair turned gray, his face became lined, yet he did not lose hope. He suffered humiliation and bitterness, but with determined zeal he continued to seek means to attain his goal.

When he was asked who he was, he replied, "I am called Christobal Colon. I am a sea captain from Genoa, and I must beg my bread because Kings will not accept the Empires that I offer them."

He worked tirelessly, yet for a long time there were no apparent fruits. Rejected again and again one wonders at his determination. When he obtained audience with the Queen, while she could not understand him, yet she could not resist the impression he made upon her. The fierce flame that burned in his heart moved her.

Thoughtful men considered Columbus' idea ridiculous, for, said they, profound philosophers had made the conformation of the world the subject of their inquiries, and skillful seamen had for thousands of years produced trustworthy evidence on the matter. It was something more than presumption for a common man to maintain that so great a discovery

as he promised had been reserved for him alone.

The Queen's husband viewed the undertaking coldly and had a whole party on his side, yet the Queen seemingly could not turn away from Columbus' proposals. Finally he won. No wonder he asked, "Who can doubt but that the Holy Ghost inspired me?"

Three ships, the Santa Maria, Pinta, and Nina, set sail. Those who accompanied him were full of fear and horror. They felt there was no goal before them, that they had no destined end but the imagination of the Admiral. When their ships danced around, twisting "like vessels of clay on a maddening whirling potter's wheel, they felt as though they were bullets from a sling hurled across the roaring seas into the void."

FOR long weeks they sailed. Again and again Columbus was urged to turn back, but with iron-like determination he insisted that they sail on and on. The men complained of the length of the voyage, but the Admiral encouraged them by pointing out what they would get from the expedition. His determination to reach India remained unshakable. He realized that every day their position became more hazardous. Again and again they thought they saw mountains and cities in the distance, but these proved to be hallucinations. The ships were not built for so long a voyage and many wondered how they would manage the return journey. There was not a port where they could re-fit and get provisions. Their supplies were growing scanty. They threatened mutiny, but despair was as futile as revolt, since in the last resort all depended on him. They felt he possessed a magic that made him more powerful than any man they had ever seen.

FINALLY came the long looked for sight. On October 12, 1492, a white heap of sand was sighted and the shout of "land, land" enlivened the crew.

Reverently Columbus knelt on the newly discovered country and offered praise to Almighty God. He had gained not the route to India that he sought, but a new world. Surely he was inspired. Shortly before his death he wrote to the Spanish sovereigns: "For my voyage to the Indies I had no help from reason, mathematics, or maps of the world—it was but a fulfilment of what had been foretold by the Prophet Isaiah. Before the end of the world all prophecies must come to fulfilment, the Gospel must be preached throughout the earth and the Holy City given back to the Church of Christ. God has chosen to work a mighty miracle through my discovery."

HUNDREDS of years before this with prophetic vision Nephi saw Columbus' mission, for he says: "And I looked and beheld a man among the Gentiles, who was separated from the seed of my brethren by the many waters; and I beheld the Spirit of God, that it came down and wrought upon the man; and he went forth upon the many waters, even unto the seed of my brethren, who were in the promised land."

Yes, God has worked a mighty miracle. Through his discovery America has become a light enlightening the world; it has become a land of liberty, the home of opportunity, a refuge for the downtrodden, the place of gathering for modern-day Israel, a promised land held in reserve for the gathering of a people who would prepare the earth for Christ's Second Coming.

The Ada Mohn-Landis Contest

THROUGH the generosity of Mrs. Ada Mohn-Landis, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union offers annual prizes for original manuscripts suitable to include in collections of recitations and declamations prepared for use in the Medal Contests sponsored by the organization.

In the 1937 contest Declamations are desired. The general theme is *Total Abstinence from Alcoholic Drinks an Asset to*:

Business Efficiency.
Health.
Citizenship—Civic Welfare.
Success in Sports and Athletics.
Safety, in Traffic and Elsewhere.
Social Life.
Spiritual Life.

The announcements giving rules for the 1937 contest are ready. Copies may be secured by sending stamp with request to the National Woman's Temperance Union, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

George H. Dern

HOME to the State over which he had ably presided as Governor for two terms and from which he had gone to serve in the President's Cabinet was brought the body of George H. Dern to rest near the bodies of his beloved parents and infant daughter. The services in the historic Tabernacle were most impressive. Never before had there been gathered there so many leading men of the nation, the state, the city, and various churches.

His honesty, integrity, fidelity and kindliness were praised. His was a democratic spirit. He could mingle with and enjoy the companionship of the great and the lowly. He has left a record of integrity and devotion to duty that is inspiring. While he was Governor, some of Utah's finest social legislation was enacted. As Secretary of War, he earnestly studied the problems that came to his attention and was sincere and honest in the discharge of his duties.

May his loved ones be blessed with peace and his children emulate the noble life of their father.

WESTERN SUNSET

By Lydia Hall

The altar where I worship God
  Is a vermillion hill
Where meadow larks in praise of Him
  The air with anthems fill.

The yuccas are tall candles white
  When in the golden west
The sunset makes the desert land
  A shrine of loveliness.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in December)

THEOLOGY AND TESTIMONY

Lesson 3

A Divine Code to the Ideal Life

(The Sermon on the Mount)

Helpful References

(The Sermon is divided for convenience into four major divisions.)

Matthew 5:1-16; 5:17-20; 5:21; 7:12; 7:13-27.

Luke 6:20-26; 6:27-42; 6:43-49.

Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi 12:1-16; 3 Nephi 12:17-20; 3 Nephi 12:21; 14:12; 3 Nephi 14:13-27.

Talmage, *Jesus the Christ,* Chapter 17.

King, *The Ethics of Jesus,* Chapter 5.

Farrar, *The Life of Christ,* Chapter 18.

1. *Christ Emphasized Significant Principles.*

In this lesson we shall deal with certain aspects of the Sermon on the Mount as a whole. So important did the Christ consider the content of the Sermon, that he delivered it also to the Nephites on His first appearance to them as a glorified, resurrected being. Most, if not all of the great truths, set forth in this, the greatest of all sermons, are to be found in world literature written long before the earthly advent of the Savior. Such we should expect on the assumption that the gospel was in the world before the coming of our Lord. The great principle of love and mercy was by no means a new teaching. The Old Testament, the Jewish Scripture, emphasizes the love of God and the duty of a man to love his neighbor. Where is to be found much finer teaching than that given in Micah 6:8? "He has told thee, O man, what is good; and what does Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Or that expressed in the Book of Jonah, which has fitly been termed the "gospel" before the gospel? Was not practical religion aptly expressed by Isaiah 58:6, 7? "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of violence, and to set at liberty the oppressed, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and to bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" Not only these but other great teachers exalted high principles of living. Buddha extolled the principle of mercy, and Confucius taught the Golden Rule, albeit in a negative way. Despite all we have said, however, it must be confessed that the Savior in his Sermon carries the teachings of the good life to a height scarcely expressed elsewhere. This lies not so much in the fact that others have not said any of the great things he says, but in the fact that he seizes on those principles that are really and truly significant, sifts them out from the less significant ones, and consistently

carries them through to their logical ends. President Henry Churchill King of Oberlin College quoted with approval the statement of Professor Votaw: "Jesus' originality—and the term is not misapplied—consisted in his divine ability to separate the true from the false, the permanent from the transient, the perfect from the imperfect; and then to carry forward the whole circle of ideas and practices to their ideal expression." Also quoted with approval are the words of the great German scholar, Wellhausen: "The originality of Jesus consists in this, that he had the feeling for what was true and eternal amid a chaotic mass of rubbish and that he enunciated it with the greatest emphasis."

2. *The Savior Delivered the Sermon to the Nephites.*

It is of significance that the Savior in his appearance to the Nephites gave the Sermon substantially as it is written in Matthew 5, 6, 7, rather than in the version of Luke. Most scholars recognize the report of Matthew to be of greater authenticity than Luke's. Latter-day Saints have good reason to believe that the Sermon was written down by some responsible person at approximately the time the Lord gave it. This must be so; otherwise one is at a loss to understand His strict injunction to the Nephites to keep careful records. (3 Nephi 23:7-14.) Modern revelation seems to imply that, contrary to widely accepted views of some scholars, records were kept in the earliest days of the Primitive Church. (See also Doctrine and Covenants 7; 63:20, 21. Compare Matthew 17:1-10; 93:6-18.)

3. *The Ideal Life.*

Needless to say, the Sermon on the Mount has been the subject of almost endless analysis and study. For our purposes here, we may more or less conveniently follow the outline of Professor Votaw, one of the greatest students of the subject. In Matthew 5:1-16 the ideal life is described. The characteristics of such a life are described in verses 1-12. Of the latter, 3-12 constitute what are known as the Beatitudes. Inasmuch as these form the basis of the lesson to follow we shall not discuss them here. Verses 13-16 sum up the mission of the ideal life. Those whose lives are fit become "the salt of the earth," "the light of the world." They are to let their "light shine before men" that God may be glorified thereby.

4. *Relation of the Ideal Life to the Earlier Hebrew Ideal.*

In the next major division of the Sermon, Matthew 5:17-20, the Savior points out the relation of the ideal life to the earlier Hebrew ideal expressed in the Mosaic law. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." The older law had fulfilled its purpose. As the Lord explained to the Nephites, "the covenant which I have made with my people is not all fulfilled; but the law which was given unto Moses hath an end in me. Behold, I am the law, and the light." (3 Nephi 15:8, 9.)

5. *Outworkings of the Ideal Life.*

In Matthew 5:21; 7:12 we have a masterly description of the outworkings of the ideal life. First, in deeds and motives. (Matthew 5:21-48.) Not only should there be no slaying or adultery, but, what strikes at the root of these, no hatred or impurity of thought; oaths were to be replaced with simple truthfulness, and retaliation with service that outruns selfish demands. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Secondly, in real religious worship. (Matthew 6:1-18.) Worship to be acceptable in the eyes of

God demands a humble and filial spirit. The inner aspects of it rather than the outer aspects as practiced by the Pharisees are emphasized. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." Thirdly, in trust and self-devotion. (Matthew 6:19-34.) The real treasures of heaven are to be found in the single-hearted and trustful service of God. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." Fourthly, in treatment of others. (Matthew 7:1-12.) Here the Savior points out the danger of unrighteous use of our critical faculties and by implication the sacredness of human personality. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

6. *The Duty of Living the Ideal Life.*

The last major division of the Sermon, Matthew 7:13-27, deals with the duty of living the ideal life. The door to the Kingdom is narrow. "Enter ye in at the strait gate." The true and false subjects are readily contrasted. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

In conclusion we may point out that the Savior "taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes." (Matthew 7:29.)

Questions

1. Were the principles enunciated by the Savior in the Sermon on the Mount new to the world? Collect and present proofs of your statements.

2. In what ways was the Lord a master teacher? How do you account for His ability?

3. Can you point to some elements original with the Savior in the Sermon on the Mount?

Problems for Further Study
(Treat only those that time and circumstances permit.)

1. Compare Luke's account of the Sermon on the Mount; (Luke 6:20-49) with that of Matthew. (Matthew 5, 6, 7.) Briefly report the differences. Can you satisfactorily account for them?

2. Make a careful comparison of the Sermon on the Mount as reported in Matthew 5, 6, 7 with the Sermon delivered by the Savior to the Nephites (3 Nephi 12, 13, 14.) Report briefly on the following points: (1) The differences in the two accounts; (2) The contributions of the Book of Mormon to an understanding of the Sermon as, e. g. the groups of people to whom certain parts of the Sermon applied. (3 Nephi 12:1-2, 14; 13:25; 14:1.)

3. How would you account for the fact that so much of the Sermon as reported in the Book of Mormon is word for word the same as that given in the Gospel of Matthew?

4. With the help of the Book of Mormon see if you can make a better and more logical outline of the Sermon than that used in the body of the lesson. Report your results to the class.

TEACHER'S TOPIC

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR DECEMBER

The Parable of the Prodigal Son

(Luke 15:11-24)

THE parable of the Prodigal Son was given in answer to the murmur of the scribes and Pharisees who said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

"And he said, A certain man had two sons:

"And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.

"And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

"And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee,

"And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

"And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

"And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

"But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

"And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry."

The first instance in the parable is an assertion of self-will, when the son asks for that part of the inheritance which belongs to him. The father apparently without protest divided his substance and gave the son his rightful share.

Not many days after he gathered his goods together and journeyed into a far country as a demonstration of his freedom to do as he chose.

He indulged in spendthrift folly and soon became destitute. He became a slave to sin, demonstrating that "a man who does as he likes becomes a slave to his likes." But when he came to himself, he saw his mistakes and sorely repented. To return to his father broken and penitent was not easy. He said, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." His confession and repentance was genuine and was accepted by the father.

This story portrays the love God has for his children and the forgiveness he is willing to extend to them. It emphasizes the intense love God

has for the sinner and his eager desire to reclaim him. The folly of waywardness and the humiliation that results from sin are pictured. It proves the justice of giving the fallen a chance to rise and the value of true repentance. If an earthly father can be so forgiving, how much more forgiving is our Heavenly Father to those who seek forgiveness.

It is said of this parable that it touches "the nerve of actual life and has caught vividly human history." Charles Dickens said: "It is the most touching passage in all literature."

May we emphasize in our study of this parable of the Prodigal Son the true value of genuine repentance and the love and compassion extended to the one who had sinned. If the father could accept his repentance and confession may we not view with a more forgiving attitude the mistakes of others?

We desire to apply the teaching of the Parables to our own circumstances, to make applications of their teaching to our lives. Forgiveness, humility, repentance, performance of duty, charity for others, mistakes, power of prayer, stability and courage are daily problems with most of us. These lessons can be learned through prayer and search. "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life."

WORK AND BUSINESS

LESSON II.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

AT a recent visit to the home of the California Allied Arts at Palo Alto, the writer was charmed with the handicraft of the women. The quaint artistic buildings were brimming with beautiful things. Things of lasting artistic value which could be passed on from generation to generation as heirlooms.

Wood carving was applied to many articles such as chairs, seats, chests of various sizes, book-ends, candle sticks, and even the "guest book" had a carved wood cover. Wood covering is one of the old standard arts and has been practiced for ages.

One room was devoted almost entirely to block printing. Very effective drapes, chair and cushion covers, bed spreads, and fabrics for other purposes were on display. There are great possibilities in block printing. It may be applied to collar and cuff sets, blouses, jackets, dresses, handkerchiefs, luncheon sets, table runners, etc.

A wall hanging of Batik attracted considerable attention. The beautiful effects obtained in this work are well worth the effort required. Another effective wall hanging was made with the crewel embroidery, and another one with wool couched on. These were in bold designs and bright colors.

Much weaving was done and the looms were made in the carpenter shop on the grounds. (The looms cost $80.00 complete.) Old furniture was mended in this shop ready for refinishing and decorating. Hooked rugs were all about. Some attractive chair sets were hooked with rather heavy cotton rags. They had tap strings to fasten them to the chairs and were especially suitable for the breakfast room. The rags were not cut as the yarn hook-

ed rugs are. Natural color string rugs were soft looking and beautiful for bedrooms.

There were lamp shades of parchment and other materials, woven sewing baskets and bags, tooled leather articles, lacquered boxes and bowls, tile top tables, pottery and many other examples of artcraft.

Any woman who has a desire to express herself through the work of her hands can acquire skill if she will but try.

Instructions for all these crafts may be obtained in "Handicraft for Every Woman," published by the General Board of Relief Society. On page 91 the full details of wood carving are given. Block printing may be found on page 77, basketry on page 96, rug making on page 98, lacquer work on page 104, leathercraft page 106, redecorating furniture, page 33, lamp shades page 50, Batik page 58, embroidery page 62. There is also a bibliography in the back of the book which tells where more information on all of the subjects may be obtained. These references may be found in the public library.

Gifts made according to any of these standard crafts are really valuable and not a passing fad which will be discarded in a short time. While we are making gifts why not make this kind of gift which has a lasting artistic and useful value.

There are many other suggestions for inexpensive gifts in "Handicraft for Every Woman." For example it tells how to make beautiful and useful trays from old picture frames; bags, slippers, cushions, children's caps, etc., from old felt hats; waste baskets, screens, desk sets, book covers from wall paper; articles from cellophane, bedspreads and table cloths from old lace, to apply stenciling to various articles, etc. Instructions on knitting and crocheting are to be found, and there are so many useful and beautiful gifts to make in this way.

In fact it would be hard to find a book which contains more suggestions as to what might be made for Christmas gifts than "Handicraft for Every Woman."

Stake work leaders may consult libraries for the books listed in the Bibliography and obtain more details to give to the ward groups.

LITERATURE

(For Third Week in December)

Lesson 3

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

NEVERTHELESS Miss Freeman, who sat working in her office just twelve hours before the ceremony that made her Mrs. Palmer, was not deprived of all those things that help to make a bride; for she wrote to a child in whom she was interested saying: "On Friday morning, December 23, I am to be married in Boston, just Mr. Palmer's family and my own being present. A few of our dearest friends are to be invited to meet us immediately afterwards. I wish my little girl could be there to meet her new father. But I will answer now the questions you have in mind. I am to be married in a long white moire dress, with point lace and veil, to be a real bride, you see,—

and my reception dresses are dark red velvet, white lace, white silk and yellow satin. We go to housekeeping immediately in Cambridge."

And so Mr. Palmer proceeds with the story by telling us that during the spring of 1888 they occupied a furnished house in Cambridge where Mrs. Palmer was warmly welcomed. "Study was thrown to the winds; we devoted ourselves to resting, to becoming acquainted with each other and with our neighbors." "In a university town every new comer must eat his way in and during the course of his adoption as a member of the household attend a kindly series of dinners and teas."

President Elliot gave a luncheon in Mrs. Palmer's honor attended solely by the Harvard faculty and their wives. Similar festivities occupied their evenings. Their afternoons were given over to calls. Mr. Palmer remembers that he made three hundred and forty in the course of the season. Monday the weekly holiday of Wellesley doors were open to Mrs. Palmer's former associates. Mr. Palmer says making a business of society was so new to him that he was interested in noting its effect. He says for a time it puzzled him to know why it was that at the end of a day Mrs. Palmer came out fresh and he exhausted. But he concluded that she had been enjoying people while he had been trying to enjoy them.

It is refreshing to know that this woman whose husband declares she did the work of ten men was on occasion "an excellent loafer;" "that she could when work was over take to a holiday a heart as light as a school girl of twelve. Her very aptitudes for business fitted her also for recreation, since whatever was appropriate to the moment, even idleness, got at once her full attention. Such intentional methods of escaping responsibility was greatly assisted too by the native nimbleness of her physical senses, her response to natural beauty, the vivacious interest she took in every moving thing, and her disposition to fill small matters with romance."

The book gives the idea that these gifted people were ideally suited to each other; that their married life was happy. Mr. Palmer says he hopes that the omission of their letters to each other will be pardoned as he could not bear their publication before his death. One feels in this union something of the adoration of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning for each other.

The summer after her marriage Mrs. Palmer went to Europe with her husband. He was on sabbatical leave. While there she said to one of her friends. "I don't know what will happen if life goes on growing so much better and brighter each year. How does your cup manage to hold so much? Mine is running over, and I keep getting larger cups; but I can't contain all my blessings and gladness. We are both so well and busy that the days are never half long enough."

Mr. Palmer contended from the first that marriage would increase Mrs. Palmer's sphere of usefulness. "And so it proved. The work begun at Wellesley was not broken during the fifteen years in Cambridge but was vastly assisted by the surroundings of a home." She loved her home duties. Nothing that she ever did, says her husband, was done better than her housekeeping to which she devoted one-third of her time.

There was much anxiety about the education of young women at the time. They were "just emerging from sheltered homes, desirous of education and of whatever else might

help to enlarge their lives. Many feared they might drop their delicacy and spiritual power in the process. Mrs. Palmer did much to lessen this danger and to quiet those fears. She not only opened college doors, but she helped to fix a standard of what college girls should be. Persuasively and in her own person she showed how a deepened intelligence and a wider knowledge of affairs may heighten the characteristic and ancestral traits of woman and permanently increase her charm. It was an immensely important task and one for which she was singularly fitted."

She had been placed on the Board of Trustees of Wellesley, but she was ready and able to serve other colleges. In 1892 the University of Chicago was founded and Mr. Palmer was asked to be the head of the department of philosophy and Mrs. Palmer Dean of Women and professor of history. Mr. Palmer was receiving four thousand dollars a year at Harvard, the Chicago position would pay them twelve thousand, six thousand each. Yet "her voice was from the first against accepting the call. She loved her home. She cared little for money, having modest tastes and much enjoyment, as I have already shown, in getting large results from small outlays. My roots, she thought, were too deep in Harvard soil for removal to be quite honorable. She doubted whether our scholarly opportunities in Chicago would equal those in Cambridge, did not like to interpose such a distance between herself and Wellesley, and perhaps dreaded the wear and tear to which she would be exposed by another absorption in college duties. We accordingly declined the call." It seems extraordinary in these days when nearly all people reach out so continuously for money that these people should have such a keen sense of values. President Elliot was meeting the situation by saying that he preferred Harvard's traditions to Chicago's millions.

"But President Harper was insistent. Founding for the first time a great co-educational university in a city he desired Mrs. Palmer's planning and superintendence, even if she were not to be continuously on the ground. He proposed, therefore, that she should accept the Deanship of Women without teaching and with no obligation to reside in Chicago more than twelve weeks. The periods of her residence might be distributed throughout the year according to her convenience. She was to have general superintendence of the women's lodging, food, conduct, and choice of studies, and to select a sub-Dean to carry on the work in her absence." This she did for three years but resigned in June, 1895, to go to Europe.

But Wellesley and Chicago were not the only institutions claiming her time. At her very door Radcliffe College was coming into existence. In connecting this new college with Harvard the question arose whether degrees should be given by Harvard or by Radcliffe. As we should expect Mrs. Palmer favored Harvard. It became apparent that Harvard would decline to give the degree unless Radcliffe possessed at the start an endowment of $100,000. The Women's Education Association of Boston of which Mrs. Palmer was president took up the matter of endowment with enthusiasm and appointed her chairman of a small committee charged to raise the money. At the end of the winter $90,000 had been raised. Then the Harvard Corporation refused to grant the request and the money was returned. A few years later she assisted in raising $110,000 for Wellesley.

Because of her keen interest in every type of woman's college she gave much time to fostering the Collegiate Alumnae Association. In 1891 she was made president of The Women's Education Association and served in that capacity for nine years. In 1889 she was appointed by Governor Ames a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. She was reappointed by Governor Greenhalge and Governor Crane until she became a senior member of the Board. At her death she was still a member of the Board, having served in that position for thirteen years.

Susan B. Anthony has served American women in one way, Jane Addams in another, and Carry Chapman Catt in yet another, but Alice Freeman Palmer was the great sponsor of woman's education. And for her zeal and intelligence in the work she has not gone unrewarded. In 1882 her own Alma Mater, the University of Michigan, conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in 1887 at the centennial celebration of Columbia University she received the degree of Doctor of Letters, and in 1896, Union University at its Centennial conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Laws. In the chapel at Wellesley is a monument to her memory depicting a beautiful young woman for whom she is pointing the way with one hand, with the other she is touching her with great tenderness, at the same time speaking to her words of wisdom. "To commemorate Miss Freeman after she became Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Durant, wife of the founder, in 1888, built a new hall and named it Freeman Cottage. Nor was she forgotten at Chicago, for, since her death, "a group of its friends have set a chime of bells in its tower, forever to voice her praise."

She went to Europe again in 1902 as another sabbatical year had come around. Shortly before her wedding anniversary she fell ill from a strange disease of which medicine knew nothing. She lingered a few days after an operation and then died. She was not yet forty-eight.

When Mr. Palmer returned from Europe a service was held at Cambridge. This was on January 31, 1903. A chorus of Harvard men and another of Wellesley girls furnished the music, singing her hymn, "The Tempest," and others especially dear to her. Four college presidents addressed those assembled. The first speaker was her own beloved President Angell, followed by President Hazard of Wellesley and President Tucker, and closed by President Elliot of Harvard. This was she of whom one said: "All had significance and found their fitting place in her responsive soul. 'One flower, one tree, one baby, one bird singing, or one little village would move her to love and praise as surely as a garden, a forest, a university, an orchestra, or a great city.'" "I never knew one who more fully, with William Blake,

'Could see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower:
Hold infinity in the palm of the hand,
And eternity in an hour.'

Or with one of her own poets, Henry Vaughan, could so—

'Feel through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.'"

In his closing chapter Mr. Palmer admits that he has not done the thing he set out to do, nor is it ever possible; for like a great sunset a great soul defies description. Trying to give a summary of her many qualities blended into one personality he says: "Such was her wealthy unity, the despair of him who would por-

tray." Since her death her statute has been placed in the Hall of Fame in New York City.

Questions

1. Do you think domestic skill compatible with her intellectual attainments? If so, why? If not, why?

2. Discuss Alice Freeman Palmer as a champion of education for women.

3. Do you think she was easy of approach or difficult? If difficult, tell why. If easy, tell why.

4. Do you think her wise or unwise in her refusal to go to Chicago? Give your reasons for your point of view.

5. Recount some of the honors that came to her in her life.

Note: For further information consult chapters nine to the end of "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by George Herbert Palmer.

SOCIAL SERVICE

(Fourth Week in December)

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE IN INDUSTRY

Text: Civic Sociology, By Edward A. Ross

Chapter XIV

THE development of a social attitude of mind to temper and modify the reactions of individual life and to help give society an orderly arrangement is an urgent problem in human relations. The world has not yet reached the point where people love their neighbors as themselves; hence, the constant need of controlling the personal forces which guide mankind. Particularly is this true in industrial life.

The present economic order has developed from centuries of effort to earn a living from nature. It involves the methods and standards of production, efforts to develop social control of the producing process, the proper distribution of products, and the standards which have evolved to govern behavior of workers and consumers. While human life is not completely controlled by economic factors, it has always been so conditioned by economic requirements that the struggle thus occasioned has come to be one of the most basic elements of life. It is out of this struggle that the problems of this lesson have evolved. The responsibility and the part played by various factors in production are among the most important questions from the social point of view.

To crystallize thought upon these issues, this lesson will develop the following points:

1. To show that the production of goods for consumption is a social fact rather than an individual one.

2. To develop an understanding of individual responsibility in rendering service in industry.

Not much more than two generations ago nine-tenths of the people lived in rural regions and were engaged in agriculture. The home was a self-sustaining economic unit producing most of the goods needed. Wool was carded, spun, and made into family garments. Food and shelter were the products of family enterprise. One's responsibility for service was to his family. Those families where energy and integrity

abounded were usually independent, and toward the close of life, financially adequate. While life was strenuous because of the economic struggle, it possessed many socializing forces not found in the modern home. Father and son, mother and daughter worked together with unity of purpose on projects aimed to promote family or community well being. A spirit of service equal to the day permeated life.

The transition from this early stage to modern industrial organization is marked with the growing use of tools and industrial organization. The increasing use of capital has made nature more subject to man. As man has depended more and more upon these mechanical aids the population has collected in industrial centers and factories, with the ownership of such means of production being concentrated into the hands of fewer people.

As business converged, step by step, into industrial centers, workers left their rural communities and gathered where their chances of finding employment were better. Cottage life where all worked together gave way to the employee communities near manufacturing plants where life was regulated to the tune of the factory whistle. Father and sons would leave early in the morning to return after an exhausting day of labor. Often the daughters of the family also took an active part in the industrial scheme, commencing to earn their living very early in life. Although there was often much that was undesirable, and under some circumstances much that was actually pitiable, there was usually some contact between the workers and the owner of the factory. Some feeling of personal pride and responsibility usually existed in the hearts of both.

But ownership and management of industry have changed. Whereas factories and business organizations were formerly in the hands of individuals who managed their own property and maintained personal relations with their employees and their communities, the ownership of the means of production has been gradually passing from individuals to large companies, leaving the laborer but a small instrument in the productive process. The great divisions of capital and labor are the result of this divided ownership. Thus, one of the fundamental trends of productive economy is away from scattered, local, individual ownership and management toward corporate ownership and management. This has had a profound effect upon the distribution of wealth. It is estimated that about four-fifths of American business wealth, not including banking, is in the hands of corporations. Collective proprietors operating on a national scale have supplanted the individual proprietor. Ownership, instead of resting with one individual, is diffused among the hundreds of stockholders who form the corporation.

Responsibility for the well being of the individual has likewise become diffused with such ownership. Concern for the social well being of the worker becomes a community concern along with the productive process. Our ideals of social control are changed to meet the new situation. The whole process is necessarily then a social fact and cannot safely be left to the whims and fancies of individual control. That such a point of view is being accepted is shown by the social security legislation now being passed by va-

rious nations and the different states in the United States. The worker who spends the most productive part of his life in the service of others should not be left without economic security in old age.

The employer may be interested primarily in profits, not in the welfare of the community. If by making an article of nice appearance but less enduring value, or curtailing the sanitary and health conditions of his workers, he can increase his profits, he is apt to do so. If through deceptive advertising he can best his competitor, many will not refrain from doing this. In each case society loses thereby. If the adoption of a new invention will lower costs in a firm thus throwing many workers out of the opportunity to earn a livelihood, the change will be made, no matter how great the human costs to the workmen suddenly deprived of employment. It is proper that social welfare should be protected by restrictions prohibiting anti-social acts.

The professions after a generation of experience have developed a code of ethics which goes far in regulating man-to-man relations. Because there are some individuals who fail to live up to the ideals of their group, the standard is none-the-less so classified, generally speaking. As pointed out in the text, the motive of the professional man is actuated by an ideal of service to mankind.

The interest of the patron and society must be protected and his advertising cannot be of the same obtrusive character practiced by the business man. Is it too much to expect that those who control our great productive processes shall be actuated by the same altruistic motives, serving the better and finer interests of those whose services they employ instead of exploiting the human energy of women, children, and other workers?

The rights of laborers in the economic order have changed equally with industry itself. Our pioneer ancestors grew up under the teaching that individuals in a society should be willing to help those who are economically less fortunate. Particularly was this one of the ideals of our Church. But the world has come to think that individuals should be allowed to engage in economic activity without being restrained by law or some other form of social control. Such a theory in economic literature is known as the "doctrine of laissez-faire." Believers in that philosophy held that complete freedom of action and individual initiative bring the greatest good to the greatest number. Such rugged individualism may have been suited to scenes in the early development of frontier life, where the early settler who pushed his way to the unsettled West and started new communities, maintaining law and order by use of his rifle, was subject to but little social control. Nor was there much need for social control while the industry which followed the settler was decentralized. But under such conditions laissez-faire became the open course, and attendant evils followed in its wake. Laissez-faire developed to the point where government control of natural resources is now being instituted. As has been pointed out, business units have also developed to the point where major industries are in the hands of tremendous corporations with diffused responsibility. Under such conditions some form of social control becomes necessary to protect the workers. Is it not logical that in a country where, for the sake of the conservation of nat-

ural resources, the old policy of laissez-faire has been curbed, that another kind of laissez-faire—the exploiting of the human energy of the masses for the benefit of the few—should also be restricted? Service for service, if regulated according to the value given, and so recognized, is not a romantic ideal, but a practical form of reward for labor adapted to everyday life. Of necessity, greater ability should be rewarded with greater returns if society is to progress. But it does not follow that factory workers are nothing more than ants in hills of ceaseless activity where all-powerful ant-eaters may gobble the fruits of their labor in unconscionable swallows. If the attempt is made society should see that the swallower's Adam's apple is bruised to an unpalatable extent.

But, on the other hand, to charge industry with the responsibility of humanizing its attitude and point of view would be unfair without holding individuals responsible for rendering service to industry. There should be no element of the attitude that the world owes one a living—livings must be earned through honest effort.

Under individual freedom men went to the extreme. The evils which developed are not to be tolerated today. Ethical ideals were lost in the quest for money. Children were compelled to work excessively long hours. Unfair advantages were taken of women; harmful drugs were sold as medicine, adulterated foods and short weights were sold in the name of honest dealings. Individual freedom to do as one pleases has outlived its day since we all demand protection from the unscrupulous actions of others. Absolute liberty in society is impossible. Conflicting interests of employer and employee must constantly be reconciled. However, individual rights to property, initiative, and reward for services rendered must in no sense be abridged as long as those personal rights contribute to social well being. The social point of view is far from realization in the lives of the majority of people, and until it does permeate the public mind there will be need of teaching responsibility for rendering honest service in industry. Restricting actions in the interest of public welfare, need not in any way limit the right of an individual to his private control and management of property.

The teachings of the scripture still set the goal to which all should consciously strive. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Ecc. 9:16. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." Matt. 7:12.

Since the law does not set up the ethical standards by which business should be conducted, an approach to those standards can be achieved only through education of the people. A consciousness must be awakened to lead the way.

Activities

1. Apply the principles of the professional spirit given in the text: pp. 193-195, to the spirit of the vocation, if one, through which your family earns its livelihood, and see if the standard of conduct, generally speaking can be raised to a higher level. In case adjustments are found desirable, where does the greater responsibility rest, with the employer or the employee?

2. List the basic elements of the commercial spirit and the professional spirit to see if it is possible to work out a harmony between the two.

CHILD GUIDANCE

Lesson 3

Why Our Children Are Not Alike

IF we were to gather a basket full of newly fallen maple leaves, measure the length of each and carefully record each measurement, we should find that most of them would measure near an average length. There would be a few very long ones and a few very short ones. The greater the difference from average length, the more rarely would we find it.

Human beings differ in much the same manner. Most men would measure near five feet eight inches; there would be a few as tall as six and a half feet and a very few as tall as eight feet, just as there would be a few as short as four feet and a very few as short as two and a half feet. Their weights would probably be distributed in much the same way.

Now, when we come to the intelligence or brightness of people, we find there are many average intellects, a few very bright people and a few very dull ones. There is no sharp line in the distribution between the bright and the dull. Their personality characteristics would vary in like manner if we had accurate ways of measuring them, i. e., taking the general run of people, their personality characteristics would be called ordinary, but there would be differences of various degrees in each characteristic, such as good humor, cheerfulness, sociability, grouchiness, gloominess, or solitariness.

Why is it that people differ so much and in so many different ways? Why do our own children who have the same parents and the same home, differ so much? Some folks would say that it is because they are born different, or that Nature made them to be different; others would say that it is because they have been fed or trained differently. Both statements are partially right, but to say that differences between individuals are due to *either* heredity *or* environment is misleading. Heredity and environment interact to produce differences between people, and both are probably always involved. Even a person's physical size is influenced both by what kind of body he inherits and by all of his health habits.

Differences in personality and intelligence of two children can be accounted for only by recognizing that they are born different even though they have the same parents, and also that their environment (or the world they live in) is different even though they live in the same home. For is it not so that there can be only one first child who has no older brother to tease and whip or love and take care of him? The last child in a family is born to older parents who may have done all their experimenting in training the older children. Their methods of educating the children probably have become wiser by the time the last child comes along, but sometimes the youngest must suffer the handicap of being pampered excessively. Children in the middle of the series are usually treated in a still different way, perhaps by being more or less ignored. The differences in the worlds in which the various children grow is easily

understood. The general quality of a child's personality may be seriously affected, for good or ill, by just such conditions as those mentioned here.

To further clarify this point, consider some other conditions that may arise in the child's life to make him different from other children. Suppose a child is born with some physical deformity, such as a club foot. The deformity itself may not be associated at birth with any defect of mind or personality, but as soon as the child becomes aware of the fact that he is not like other children, he may begin to develop compensating or counteracting habits of acting in his association with other children. He may cultivate a very delicate and refined manner, or he may do the opposite and become extremely boisterous and overbearing to cover up the physical deficiency. Later in life, his deformity may handicap him in successfully competing in physical games. To this circumstance he may compensate by excelling in intellectual pursuits.

Sometimes children differ widely because they are born with different aptitudes. One child may have more natural ability in handling tools and concrete objects than his brother. Because mechanical tasks come easily to him, he spends his time at them and takes pride in his achievements, whereas his brother who may have a special talent for music spends his time at the piano. At first the differences between the boys in musical and mechanical ability probably were relatively small—a difference produced perhaps by heredity—but after a few years of following up these abilities with special practice and training the difference is greatly increased, and this is probably due to environment.

Frequent and prolonged illness early in a child's life may result from inheriting a weak body (although this is not always the case); but after he has been a sick child for a considerable time, he may develop, by learning, certain characteristics of personality that will be his style of life the remainder of his days. He may cultivate extremely gentle and grateful qualities which will make him lovable, or he may learn to expect more than his share from others and go through life a selfish and grasping person. Here again we see how an inborn difference between children may be the starting point for a very wide difference in disposition and interests later in life.

On the other hand, the training in the home is sometimes adjusted so as to make original differences between children diminish. One of the girls in the family seems always to have been very aggressive and irritable. An intelligent parent tactfully manages to teach her that other members of the family should be considered if she is to avoid being irritated and if she wishes to find happiness in their society. In time the mother observes that the daughter in question does conform more nearly to a style of considerate living that has always been easy for the other girls. The children may differ in ability to grasp school work; but the considerate mother gives the slower one a little more assistance and encouragement until the differences in school achievement appear less than at first, even though one child may be brighter than another.

It should be clear now that our children differ because, first, they inherit certain differences; and second, because they are never subjected to exactly the same environment. The differences are, therefore, due to both heredity and environment. Our neighbors' children differ more from ours than our own do from each other, because theirs have completely different heredity and a home en-

vironment that may differ radically from our own. The children of different countries may differ, both because they are racially somewhat different and particularly because their culture is not the same.

Family traditions for doing good school work as well as inherited ability both run in families, and both are usually important in producing scholars. Ability to succeed at special trades also is inherited to a certain extent; but the "talk of the trade" heard in the home also has much to do with the children's following successfully in their father's footsteps. The nervous or unstable temperament may be inherited physically, but the children of a mother so afflicted not only inherit her weakness but are subjected throughout their early years to unstable home conditions that come out of her defect. She explodes at them, complains of her ills, whines, gets ill to attract attention, and quarrels with her husband. Is there any doubt that her unstable nervous system is passed on to the children to incapacitate them to meet the unstable home conditions she inflicts upon them as well? They may be unstable as she was both because of the heredity *and* the environment she furnished.

The behavior characteristics of parents are absorbed by the children socially as well as biologically. After we have done all in our power to see that our children are well born, we still have the great responsibility of furnishing them an equally good social inheritance, consisting of family ideals of honesty, consideration for others, industry, and devotion to God and all His teachings.

Problems for Discussion?

1. Explain how truth speaking could be passed on to the children both through the inheritance of intelligence sufficient for accuracy of thinking and by social influences in the home.

2. How should we speak of the relative influence of heredity and environment in causing differences between people? How can a parent reduce differences between children (when the differences are known to be undesirable)?

OBLIGATION OF THE CHURCH

THE present situation throughout the United States of America relative to the beverage alcohol problem constitutes a major challenge to the Church. It is probably safe to say that at no time in the history of the American temperance movement has the demand upon the Church in connection with that movement been more definitely linked with responsibility for the future of both the temperance reform and the Church itself.

* * * * * *

If the Church is to influence society today as it has in the past, it must set itself against all forms of evil and must hold to its purpose regardless of any different attitude on the part of influential members in the pews or other influences. The task of the Church is the redemption of the world and the establishment of the kingdom of righteousness. It can take no middle course.—*Ernest H. Cherrington* in *The American Issue.*

A Little Hero

By Grace Jacobsen

THE history of the Utah pioneers is replete with deeds of heroism and courage of the men and women who subdued the desert and laid the foundation of this wonderful commonwealth.

Not so much has been said about the children whose sublime fortitude and patient suffering calls forth our profoundest admiration. For true courage in the face of the greatest danger the following incident has few equals.

In the year 1856 a man named Lee, his wife, five children, a hired man and a hired girl lived on a ranch four miles southeast of Beaver where Indians were plentiful, as well as untrustworthy.

A band of about twenty Utes who were supposed to be friendly decided it was the proper time to gather their stolen cattle and drive them from the lower valley to the higher pastures and plateaus. The Lee ranch lay directly in their path forming an obstacle which they felt must be removed, by destroying the Lee family.

One night in late October they surrounded the ranch and kept up a hideous imitation of hungry wolves in order to mislead the innocent victims of their murderous intent. Strange how impending danger often sends a silent message on before; so it was the sleeping household were restless and fearful. Especially the children who cried out and called for mother. Even the old watch dog trotted around the house listening—watching the whole night.

Just before dawn his loud barking brought Mr. Lee and the hired man to the door yard in a hurry only to meet these savage foes who opened fire. The hired man fell immediately with a bullet in his breast. Mr. Lee dragged him into the house and called the terrified family to bar the door and windows, load the old shotgun and fight for their lives. Mrs. Lee was kept busy administering to the dying man and loading the gun. Several braves fell dead as a result of Mr. Lee's true aim. The enraged savages seized pick, hoe, or any available implement climbed up to the roof of the house and began ripping off the boards, setting fire to the outer edge. The weather was damp and ignition took place slowly but great clouds of smoke filled the house nearly choking the captives and sending the baby in the cradle into convulsions.

The father tried to tear away the burning boards overhead with a crow-bar the hired girl had managed to bring in at the risk of her life but the flames only spread the faster. To venture out for water meant certain death for Mr. Lee. He must not go, he was their only protector, his going meant annihilation for the whole family. The eleven year old girl offered to bring the water but was not permitted to do so.

IT seemed their hour had come; something must be done, and done quickly. Then that little hero, their nine year old son stepped to his mother's side and in childish eloquence begged to be allowed to run for help. This request sent a chill to the mothers heart. "No, no, my son, I cannot let you go. I will never see you again."

"Mother," he replied, "I would rather be shot in the open than die

like a rat in a trap. It is the one chance for my life and yours." Tearfully she consented.

The door was opened enough for him to crawl through. The hired girl decided to go too but took the open road and was later rescued, but the boy took the short cut as he had promised his mother he would.

Out through bushes and brambles, over rock and sharp stones his little bare feet flew as fast as his strength would permit. A second Paul Revere sounding the alarm for the defence of those he loved.

At length he reached the outer fields of Beaver where some men were at work. His clothes torn and stained with blood, his feet bleeding, his body all aquiver, he had barely strength enough to whisper, "Indians," but that was enough. They understood. Within twenty minutes fifteen or twenty men were in their saddles galloping to the rescue. The Indians were routed and the family saved.

The little hero was not forgottten, in due time he was returned to the loving arms of his parents.

Just a bare foot boy in tatters
Just a thought of home and love,
But the deed he did for others
Is recorded up above.

A PLEA

By Nellie P. Elzenga

God grant me these: the strength to do
Some needed service here;
The wisdom to be brave and true;
The gift of vision clear,
That in each task that comes to me
Some purpose I may plainly see.

God teach me to believe that I
Am stationed at the post,
Although the humblest 'neath the sky,
Where I am needed most.
And that, at last, if I do well
My humble services will tell.

God grant me faith to stand on guard,
Uncheered, unpraised, alone,
And see behind such duty hard
My service to the throne.
Whate'er my task, be this my creed,
I am on earth to fill a need.

ONLY A MOTHER COULD UNDERSTAND

By Janey Haefeli

When your tiny head was pillowed
Slumbering sweetly on my breast,
When I carried you so gently
Laid you in your crib to rest,
When I curled your silken tresses
Taught your lips to lisp each day,
Guided faltering tiny footsteps
All through childhood's happy way,
I thought not of darkened future
When you'd travel far away.
When alone each day, and lonely,
How I'd miss you, and I'd pray
For the Lord to guide your footsteps
By His spirit, day by day
Safe from harm and temptation
Where'er you chanced to stray.
How I'd long, and wait with patience
For the day of your return.
When you grew to be the stronger
No more for my arms you'd yearn.
How the hours would drag with waiting
Days would seem like weary years.
Life would scarce seem worth the living
With force I'd stay the choking tears.
How as weary weeks go onward
Each one like the one before,
No more children's joyous prattle
No more sound of banging door,
No more romping, shouting, singing.
All—is silent—as the grave—
Had I forseen all the heartaches
I doubt if I'd have been so brave,
To suffer, love and sacrifice,
Just to raise a restless brood,
Left alone some day and lonely,
When my birdlings took the mood.
But no! 'twas worth the sorrow
The heart aches and the pain
To meet the smiles and loving
Arms, as each comes home again.
I would not change it if I could
Those years mean all to me
Those precious lips, those clinging
Arms, life's precious memory.
Alone, I live again those precious
Years; each clever little saying
Each smile, each chubby little hand
Left lasting prints upon my heart
Only a mother, could understand.

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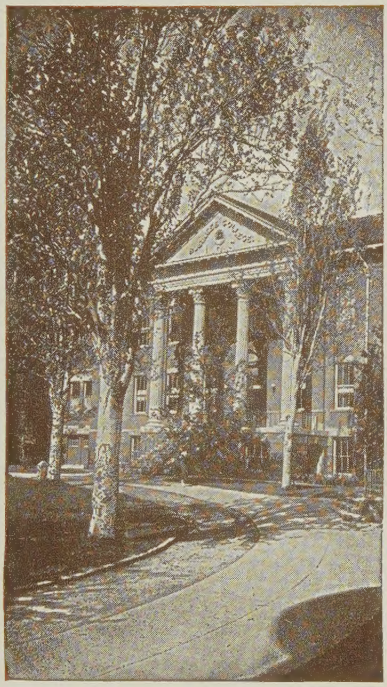

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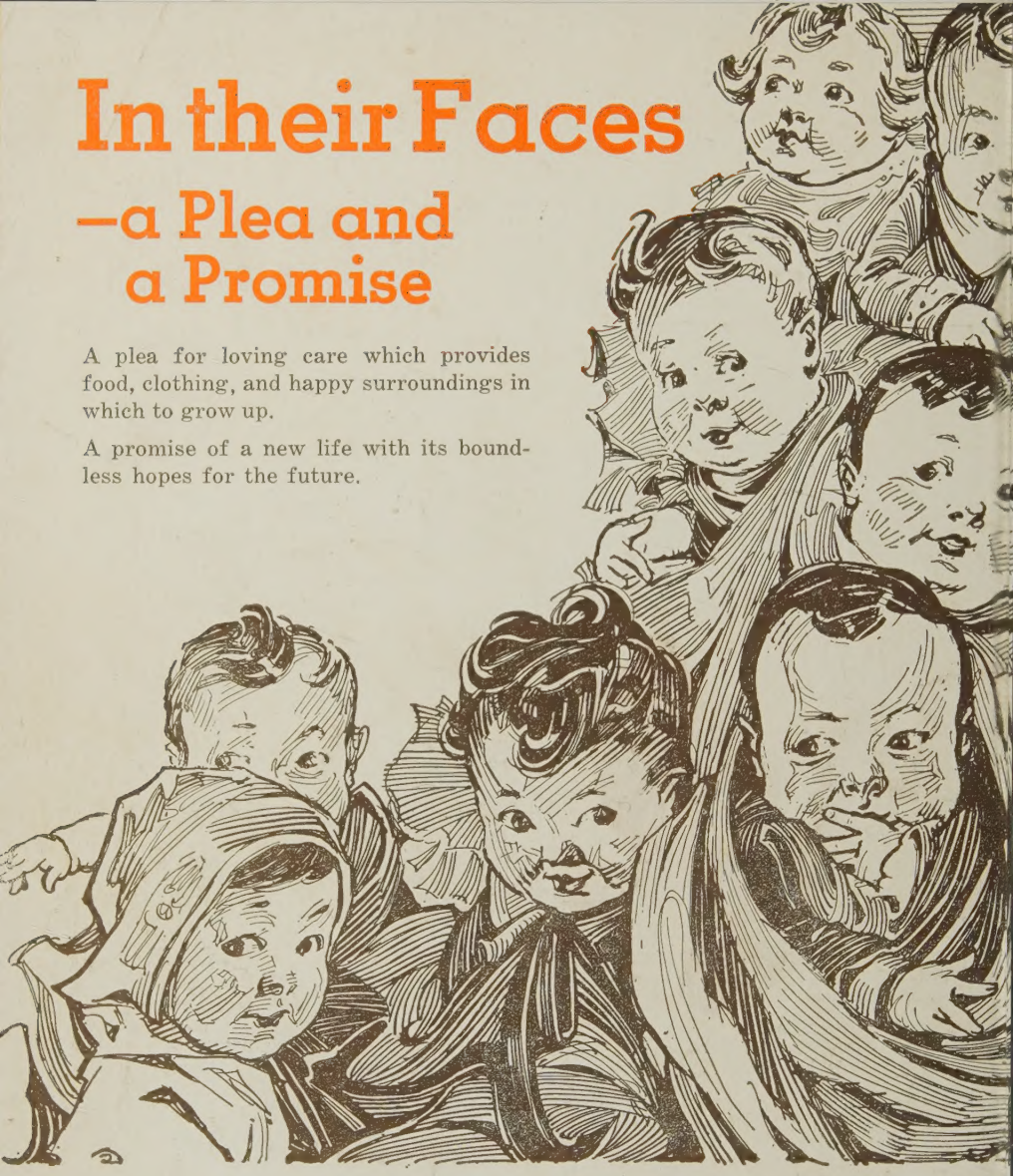

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